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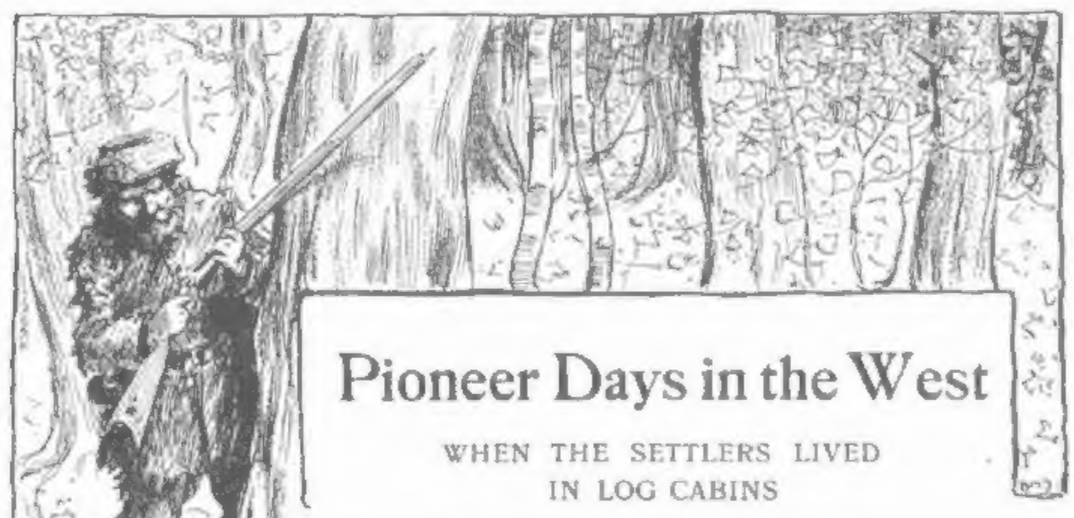

Pioneer Days in the West

WHEN THE SETTLERS LIVED IN LOG CABINS

By William Dean Howells

AMIDST all the tomahawking and scalping, the shooting and stabbing, the shedding of blood and of tears, the heartbreak of captivity, the torture, the peril by day and by night, the flower of home was springing up wherever the ax let the sun into the woods. It would be a great pity if the stories of cruelty and suffering which seem, while we read them, to form the whole history of the Ohio country, should be left without the relief of facts quite as true as these sad tales.

Life was hard in those days, but it was sweet, too, and it was often gay and glad. In times of constant danger, and even while the merciless savages were beleaguering the lonely clusters of cabins, there was frolicking among the young people in the forts, and the old people looked on at their joys in sympathy as well as wonder. The savages themselves had their harmless pleasures, and their wild life was so free that those who once knew it did not willingly forsake it. They were not bad-hearted so much as wrong-headed, and they were mostly what they were because they knew no better. More than once we read how the lurking hunter heard them joking and laughing when off their guard in the wood; and in their towns, on the Miami, or the Muskingum, or the Sandusky, they had their own games, and feasts, and merry-makings. Much that was beautiful, and kindly, and noble, was possible to them, but they belonged to the past, and the white man belonged to the future; and the war between the two races had to be. Our race had outgrown the order which theirs clung to helplessly as well as willfully, and it was fated that we must found our homes upon their graves. This was sad, but inevitable."

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These homes were at first of the rude and simple sort, which a thousand narratives and legends have made familiar, and of which every Ohio boy and girl has heard. It would not be easy to say where or when the first log cabin was built, but it is safe to say that it was somewhere in the English colonies of North America, and it is certain that it became the type of the settler's house throughout the whole middle west. It may be called the American house, the Western house, the Ohio house. Hardly any other house was built for a hundred years by the men who were clearing the land for the stately mansions of our day.

As long as the primeval forests stood, the log cabin remained the woodman's home; and not fifty years ago I saw log cabins newly built in one of the richest and most prosperous regions of Ohio. They were, to be sure, log cabins of a finer pattern than the first settler reared. They were of logs handsomely shaped with the broadax; the joints between the logs were plastered with mortar; the chimney at the end was of stone; the roof was shingled, the windows were of glass, and the door was solid and well hung. They were such cabins as the Christian Indians dwelt in at Gnadenhütten, and such as were the homes of the well-to-do settlers in all the older parts of the West. But throughout that region there were many log cabins, mostly sunk to the uses of stables and cornribs, of the kind that the borderers built in the times of the Indian War, from 1750 to 1800.

They were framed of the round logs, untouched by the ax except for the notches at the end where they were fitted into one another; the chimney was of small sticks stuck together with mud, and was as frail as a barn-swallow's nest; the walls were stuffed with moss, plastered with clay; the floor was of rough boards called puncheons, riven from the block with a heavy knife; the roof was of clapboards split from logs and laid loosely on the rafters, and held in place with logs fastened athwart them.

There is a delightful account of such a log cabin by John S. Williams, whose father settled in the woods of Belmont county in 1800. "Our cabin," he says, "had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid, when we moved in on Christmas Day. There had not been a stick cut except in building the cabin, which was so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any animal less in size than a cow, could pass without even a squeeze. The green ash puncheons had shrunk so as to leave cracks in the floors and doors from one to two inches wide. At both the doors we had high, unsteady, and sometimes icy steps, made by piling the logs cut out of the walls, for the doors and the window, if it could be called a window, when perhaps it was the largest spot in the top, bottom, or sides of the cabin where the wind could not enter.

"It was made by sawing out a log; and then placing sticks across, and by pasting an old newspaper over the hole, and applying hog's lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone on it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimneys. Our cabin was twenty-four feet by eighteen. The west end was occupied by two beds, and the centre of each side by a door.

"On the opposite side of the window, made of clapboards, supported on pins driven into the walls, were our shelves. On these shelves my sister displayed in simple order a host of pewter plates, and dishes, and spoons, scoured and bright. . . . Our chimney occupied most of the east end; with pots and kettles opposite the window, under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottom chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight-by-ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel-and-comb case. . . . . We got a roof laid overhead as soon as possible, but it was laid of loose clapboards split from a red-oak, and a cat might have shaken every board in our ceiling. . . . We made two kinds of furniture. One kind was of hickory bark, with the outside shaved off. This we would take off all around the tree, the size of which would determine the calibre of our box. Into one end we would place a flat piece of bark or puncheon, cut round to fit in the bark, which stood on end the same as when on the tree."

A much finer article was made of slippery-elm bark, shaved smooth, with the inside out, bent round and sewed together, where the end of the hoop or the main bark lapped over. This was the finest furniture in a lady's dressing-room, and such a cabin and its appointments were splendor and luxury beside those of the very earliest pioneers, and many of the latest. The Williamses were Quakers, and the mother was recently from England; they were of far gentler breeding and finer tastes than most of their neighbors, who had been backwoodsmen for generations.

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When the first settlers broke the silence of the woods with the stroke of their axes, and hewed out a space for their cabins and their fields, they inclosed their homes with a high stockade of logs for defense against the Indians; or if they built their cabins outside the wooden walls of their stronghold, they always expected to flee to it at the first alarm and to stand siege within it. The Indians had no cannon, and the logs of the stockade were proof against their rifles; if a breach were made, there was still the blockhouse left, the citadel of every little fort. This was heavily built, and pierced with loop-holes for the riflemen within, whose wives ran bullets for them at its mighty hearth, and who kept the savage foes from its sides by firing down upon them through the projecting timbers of its upper story; but in many a fearful siege the Indians set the roof ablaze with arrows wrapped in burning tow, and then the fight became desperate indeed. After the Indian War ended, the stockade was no longer needed, and the settlers had only the wild beasts to contend with, and those constant enemies of the poor in all ages and conditions—hunger and cold.

Winter after winter the Williamses heard the wolves howling round them in the woods, and this music was familiar to the ears of all the Ohio pioneers, who trusted their rifles for both the safety and support of their families. They deadened the trees around them by girdling them with the ax, and planted the spaces between the leafless trunks with corn, and beans, and pumpkins. These were their necessaries, but they had an occasional luxury in the wild honey from the hollow of a bee-tree when the bears had not got it before they did.

In its season there was an abundance of wild fruit; plums and red cherries, haws and grapes and berries; also nuts of every kind, and the maples yielded all the sugar they chose to make from them. But it was long before they had at any time the profusion which our modern arts enable us to enjoy the whole year round, and in the hard beginnings the orchard and the garden were forgotten for the fields. Their harvests must pay for the acres bought of the Government, or from some speculator who had never seen the land; and the settler must be prompt in paying, or else see his home pass from him, after all his toil, into the hands of strangers. He worked hard and he fared hard, and if he was safer when peace came it is doubtful if he were otherwise more fortunate. As the game grew scarcer, it was no longer so easy to provide food for his family; the change from venison and wild turkey to pork, which early began to prevail in his diet, was hardly a wholesome one. Besides, in cutting down the trees he opened spaces to the sun which had been harmless enough in the shadow of the woods, but which now sent up their ague-breeding miasms.

Ague was the scourge of the whole region, and it was hard to know whether the pestilence was worse on the rich levels beside the rivers, or on the stony hills where the

"HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS WERE FREQUENT"

"THEY FOUND A TINY HUT, SUCH AS A CHILD MIGHT BUILD"

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

...scape from it. ...tiled, and con- ... climates that ...e knowledge of ...e medical skill ... of the remedies ...were such only as ...e treatment could ...aid.

...er was housed against ... the conditions of a cer- ...ndoors. If his cabin was not proof against the wind and rain, or snow, its vast fireplace formed the means of heating, while the forest was an inexhaustible store of fuel. At first he dressed in the skins and pelts of the deer and fox and wolf, and his costume could have varied little from that of the red savages about him, for we often read how he mistook Indians for white men at first sight, and how the Indians in their turn mistook white men for their own people.

The whole family went barefoot in the summer, but in winter the pioneer wore moccasins of buckskin and buckskin leggins or trousers; his coat was a hunting-shirt belted at the waist and fringed where it fell to his knees. It was of homespun, a mixture of wool and flax called linsey-woolsey, and out of this the dresses of his wife and daughters were made; the wool was shorn from the sheep, which were so scarce that they were never killed for their flesh except by the wolves, which were very fond of mutton but had no use for wool. For a wedding dress a cotton check was thought superb, and it really cost a dollar a yard; silks, satins and laces were unknown. A man never left his house without his rifle; the gun was a part of his dress, and in his belt he carried a hunting-knife and a hatchet; on his head he wore a cap of squirrel skin, often with the plume-like tail dangling from it. Men looked picturesque in those days.

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The furniture of the cabins was, like the clothing of the pioneers, home-made. A bedstead was contrived by stretching poles from forked sticks driven into the ground, and laying clapboards across them; the bedclothes were bearskins. Stools, benches and tables were roughed out with augur and broadax; the puncheon floor was left bare, and if the earth formed the floor, no rug ever replaced the grass which was its first carpet. The cabin had but one room, where the whole of life went on day by day; the father and mother slept there at night, and the children mounted to their chamber in the loft by means of a ladder.

The food was what has been already named. The meat was venison, bear, raccoon, wild turkey, wild duck and pheasant; the drink was water, or rye coffee, or whisky, which the little stills everywhere supplied only too abundantly. Wheat bread was long unknown, and corn cakes of various makings and bakings supplied its place. The most delicious morsel of all was corn grated while still in the milk, and fashioned into round cakes eaten hot from the clapboard before the fire, or from the mysterious depths of the Dutch oven buried in coals and ashes on the hearth. There was soon a great flow of milk from the kine that multiplied in the pastures in the woods, and there was sweetening enough from the maple tree and the bee tree; but salt was very scarce and very dear, and long journeys were made through the perilous woods to and from the licks, or salt springs, which the deer had discovered before the white man or the red man knew them.

The bees which hived their honey in the hollow trees were tame bees gone wild, and with the coming of the settlers some of the wild things increased so much that they became a pest. Such were the crows, which literally blackened the fields after the settlers plowed, and which the whole family had to fight from the corn when it was planted. Such were the rabbits, and such, above all, were the squirrels, which overran the farm and devoured every green thing, till the people combined in great squirrel hunts and destroyed them by tens of thousands.

The larger game had meanwhile disappeared. The buffalo and the elk went first; the deer followed, and the bear, and even the useless wolf. But long after these the poisonous reptiles lingered; the rattlesnake, the moccasin, and the yet deadlier copperhead; and it was only when the whole country was cleared that they ceased to be a very common and much-dreaded danger.

For a long time there were no mills to grind the corn, and it was pounded into meal for bread, with a heavy wooden pestle, in a mortar made by hollowing out some tough-grained log. The first mills were horse-power; then small water-power mills were put up on the streams, and in the larger rivers boats were anchored, with mill wheels which the rapid current turned. But the stills were plentier than the mills, and as much corn was made into whisky as into bread. Men drank hard to soften their hard life, to lighten its heaviness, to drown its cares, to heighten its few pleasures. Drink was free and common, not only at every shooting-match, where men met alone, but at every log-rolling or cabin-raising, where the women met with them, to cook for them, and then to dance away the night that followed the toilsome day.

There were no rich people then, but all were poor together, and there were no classes. They were so helpless without one another that people were kindlier and friendlier, as well as freer, then than now, and they made the most of the corn-huskings and quilting-bees that brought young and old together in harmless frolics. The greatest frolic of all was a wedding; the guests gathered from twenty miles around, and the frolic did not end with the dancing at night. Next day came the infair at the house of the bridegroom, and all set off together. When they were within a mile or two, they raced for the bottle which was always waiting for them at the house, and the guest whose horse was fleetest brought it back, and made all drink from it, beginning with the bride and groom.

Religion soon tempered the ruder pleasures of the backwoods, but the dancing ceased before the drinking. Camp-meetings were frolics of a soberer sort, where whole neighborhoods gathered and dwelt in tents for days in the beautiful autumn weather, and spent the nights in prayer and song. Little log churches were built at the cross-roads, and these served the purpose of schoolhouses on week days. But there was more religion than learning in the backwoods, and the preacher came before the teacher.

In the early days all books were costly, and they were even fewer than they were costly; but those who longed for them got them somehow, and many a boy who studied them by the cabin fire became afterward a great statesman, a great lawyer, or a great preacher. In fact, almost every distinguished Ohioan of the past generations seems to have begun life in a log cabin and to have found his way out of the darkness of ignorance by the light of its great hearth fire. Their stories are such as kindle the fancy and touch the heart; but now they are tales that are merely told.

Among the stories of life in the backwoods, none are more affecting than those of lost children. In the big forests which hemmed in the homes and fields of the settlers, the little ones often strayed away, or in their bewilderment failed to find a path back to the cabin they had left among the stumps of the clearing, or the leafless and dismal looking trunks of the deadening.

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In 1804, two children, Lydia and Matilda Osborn, eleven and seven years old, went to fetch the cows from their pasture a mile from their home in Williamsburg, Clermont County. Lydia, the elder of the sisters, left the younger in a certain spot while she tried to head off the wandering cows. It is supposed that she failed, and came back to get Matilda. Then it is supposed that, after searching for her, Lydia gave up in despair and started homeward, but found that she no longer knew the way. In the meantime the cows had left their pasture, and the younger girl had followed the sound of their bells and got safely back to the village. Night came, but no Lydia, and now the neighborhood turned out and helped the hopeless father to search for the lost child. They carried torches, and rang bells, and blew horns, and fired guns, so that she might see and hear and come to them, and before them all, day and night, ran the father calling "Lydia, Lydia." Five hundred men, a thousand men at last, joined in the quest, and on the fifteenth morning they found in the heart of the woods a tiny hut, such as a child might build, of sticks and moss, with a bed of leaves inside; a path which led from it to a blackberry patch near by was beaten hard by the little feet of the wanderer.

The rough backwoodsmen broke into tears when the father came up and at sight of the poor shelter called out, "Oh, Lydia, Lydia, my dear child, are you yet alive?" They never found her. A mile or two from the hut they found her bonnet, and a few miles farther on an Indian camp. They could only guess that the Indians had carried her away, and go back to their homes without her. The father never gave up, but as long as he lived he searched for her among the Indians. It was thought, afterward, that the very means, the lights and the noises, used to attract the child, might have frightened her from her rescuers; for a strange craze would come upon lost people after a time, and they would hide from those looking for them.

Others became hopelessly bewildered; and it is told of a pioneer, Samuel Davy, who was lost near Galion, that he wandered about till he reached a log cabin in a clearing. There he asked of the woman at the door if she knew where Samuel Davy lived. She laughed and bade him come in and see. Then he knew that it was his own wife speaking to him from his own threshold.

Whenever a lost child could not be found the Indians were naturally suspected of stealing it; and this was probably the fate of a little one whom her mother lifted over the fence into the dooryard of her cabin, near Galion, and then went back to her work of making sugar in the woods. When she came home at nightfall the child was not there, and no search afterward availed to find her, though the whole neighborhood searched the woods for days and nights. It was known only that a party of Indians had lately camped near, and that they might have taken the child and brought it up as their own; but the mother never heard of her again.—From Stories of Ohio, by William Dean Howells. Published by the American Book Company.

The Man with the Cough

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN COURIER

By Mrs. Molesworth

I AM a German by birth and descent. My name is Schmidt. But by education I am quite as much an Englishman as a "Deutscher," and by affection much more the former. My life has been spent pretty equally between the two countries, and I flatter myself I speak both languages without any foreign accent.

I call England my headquarters now; it is "home" to me. But a few years ago I was resident in Germany, only going over to London now and then on business.

I was connected with a large and important firm of engineers. I had been bred up to the profession, and was credited with a certain amount of talent; and I was considered—and, with all modesty, I think I deserved the opinion—steady and reliable, so that I had already attained a fair position in the house.

Our house went in largely for patents—rather too largely, some thought. But the head partner's son was a bit of a genius in his way, and his father was growing old, and let Herr Wilhelm—Moritz, we will call the family name—do pretty much as he chose. And on the whole, Herr Wilhelm did well. He was cautious, and he had the benefit of the still greater caution and larger experience of Herr Gerhardt, the second partner.

Patents and the laws which regulate them are queer things to have to do with. No one who has not had personal experience of the complications that arise could believe how far these spread and how entangled they become. Great acuteness as well as caution is called for if you would guide your patent bark safely to port—and, perhaps more than anything, a power of holding your tongue. I was no chatterbox, nor, when on a mission of importance, did I go about looking as if I were bursting with secrets, which is almost as dangerous as revealing them.

Many a time I stayed awake through a whole night of railway travel if at all doubtful about my fellow-passengers, or not dared to go to sleep in a hotel without a loaded revolver by my pillow. For now and then—though not through me—our secrets did ooze out and cause us anxiety and trouble.

One morning—it was nearing the end of November—I was sent for to Herr Wilhelm's private room. There I found him and Herr Gerhardt before a table spread with papers covered with figures and calculations, and sheets of beautifully executed diagrams.

"Lutz," said Herr Wilhelm. He had known me from childhood, and often called me by the abbreviation of my Christian name, which is Ludwig, or Louis. "Lutz, we are going to confide to you a matter of extreme importance. You must be prepared to start for London to-morrow."

"All right, sir; I shall be ready."

"You will take the express through to Calais—on the whole it is the best route, especially at this season. By traveling all night you will catch the boat there, and arrive in London so as to have a good night's rest, and be clear-headed for work the next morning."

I bowed agreement, but ventured to make a suggestion.

"If, as I infer, the matter is one of great importance," I said, "would it not be well for me to start sooner? I can—yes," throwing a rapid survey over the work I had before me for the next two days—"I can be ready to-night."

Herr Wilhelm looked at Herr Gerhardt. Herr Gerhardt shook his head.

"No," he replied; "to-morrow it must be," and then he proceeded to explain why.

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I need not attempt to give all the details of the matter with which I was intrusted. Indeed, to "lay" readers it would be impossible. Suffice it to say, the whole concerned a patent—that of a very remarkable and wonderful invention, which it was hoped and believed the Governments of both countries would take up. But to secure this being done in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, it was necessary that our firm should go about it in concert with an English house of first-rate standing. To this house—the firm of Messrs. Bluestone and Fagg I will call them—I was to be sent with full explanations.

MR. HOWELLS IN HIS LIBRARY

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Uncanny Tales, a collection of stories by Mrs. Molesworth, published by Longmans, Green and Company, New York.

And the next half-hour or more passed in my superiors going minutely into the details, so as to satisfy themselves that I understood.

Mastering the whole was not difficult, for I was well grounded technically; and like many of the best things, the idea was essentially simple, and the diagrams were perfect. When the explanations were over, and my instructions duly noted, I began to gather together the various sheets, which were all numbered. But, to my surprise, Herr Gerhardt, looking over me, withdrew two of the most important diagrams, without which the others were inexplicable.

"Stay," he said; "these two, Ludwig, must be kept separate. These we send to-day, by registered post, direct to Bluestone and Fagg. They will receive them a day before they see you, and with them a letter announcing your arrival with the others."

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I looked up in some disappointment. I had known of precautions of the kind being taken, but usually when the employee sent was less reliable than I believed myself to be. Still, I scarcely dared to demur.

"Do you think that necessary?" I asked respectfully. "I can assure you that from the moment you intrust me with the papers they shall never quit me day or night. And if there were any postal delay—you say time is valuable in this case—or if the papers were stolen in the transit—such things have happened—my mission would be worthless."

"We do not doubt your zeal and discretion, my good Schmidt," said Her Gerhardt. "But in this case we must take even extra precautions. I had not meant to tell you, fearing to add to the certain amount of nervousness and strain unavoidable in such a case, but still, perhaps it is best that you should know, that we have reason for some special anxiety. It has been hinted to us that some breath of this"—and he tapped the papers—"has reached those who are on the watch. We cannot be too careful."

"And yet, you would trust the post?"

"We do not trust the post," he replied. "Even if these diagrams were tampered with, they would be perfectly useless. And tampered with they will not be. But even supposing anything so wild, the rogues in question knowing of your departure (and they are more likely to know of it than of our packet by post), were they in collusion with some traitor in the post-office, are sharp enough to guess the truth—that we have made a Masonic secret of it—the two separate diagrams are valueless without your pagers; your papers reveal nothing without numbers seven and thirteen."

I bowed in submission. But I was, all the same, a trifle mortified.

Herr Wilhelm saw it and cheered me up.

"All right, Lutz, my boy," he said. "I feel just like you—nothing I should enjoy more than a rush over to London, carrying the whole documents, and prepared for a fight with any one who tried to get hold of them. But Herr Gerhardt here is cooler-blooded than we are."

The elder man smiled.

"I don't doubt your readiness to fight, nor Ludwig's either. But it would be by no such honestly brutal means as open robbery that we should be outwitted. Make friends readily with no one while traveling, Lutz, yet avoid the appearance of keeping yourself aloof. You understand."

"Perfectly," I said. "I shall sleep well to-night, so as to be prepared to keep awake throughout the journey."

The papers were then carefully packed up. Those consigned to my care were to be carried in a certain light, black handbag with a very good lock, which had often before been my traveling companion.

And the following evening I started by the express train agreed upon. So, at least, I have always believed, but I have never been able to bring forward a witness to the fact of my train at the start being the right one, as no one came with me to see me off. For it was thought best that I should depart in as unobtrusive a manner as possible.

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I took my ticket, then, registering no luggage, as I had none but what I easily carried in my hand, as well as the bag. It was already dusk, if not dark, and there was not much bustle in the station, nor apparently many passengers. I took my place in an empty second-class compartment, and sat there quietly till the train should start. A few minutes before it did so, another man got in. I was somewhat annoyed at this, as in my circumstances nothing was more undesirable than traveling alone with no other. Had there been a crowded compartment, or one with three or four passengers, I would have chosen it; but at the moment I got in the carriages were all either empty or with but one or two occupants.

I turned to reconnoitre my companion, but I could not see his face clearly, as he was half leaning out of the window. Was he doing so on purpose? I said to myself, for naturally I was in a suspicious mood. And as the thought struck me I half started up, determined to choose another compartment. Suddenly a peculiar sound made itself heard. My companion was coughing. He drew his head in, covering his face with his hand, as he coughed again. You never heard such a curious cough. It was more like a hen clucking than anything I can think of. Once, twice he coughed; then, as if he had been waiting for the slight spasm to pass, he sprang up, looked eagerly out of the window again, and, opening the door, jumped out as if he had just caught sight of a friend.

And in another moment or two—he could barely have had time to get in elsewhere—much to my satisfaction, the train moved off.

"Now," thought I, "I can make myself comfortable for some hours. We do not stop till M——; it will be nine o'clock by then. If no one gets in there I am safe to go through till to-morrow alone; then there will only be —— Junction, and a clear run to Calais."

I unstrapped my rug and lit my cigar, and, delighted at having got rid of my clucking companion, the time passed pleasantly till we pulled up at M——. The delay there was not great, and to my enormous satisfaction no one molested my solitude. Evidently the express to Calais was not in very great demand that night. I now felt so secure that, notwithstanding my intention of keeping awake all night, my innermost consciousness had not, I suppose, quite resigned itself to the necessity, for, not more than an hour or so after leaving M——, I fell asleep.

It seemed to me that I had slept heavily, for when I awoke I had great difficulty in knowing where I was. Chilly—yes, that it was—very chilly; but as my faculties returned I remembered my precious bag, and forgot all else in a momentary terror that it had been taken from me. No; there it was—my elbow had been pressed against it as I slept. But how was this? The train was not in motion. We were standing in a station; a dingy, deserted-looking place, with no cheerful noise or bustle; only one or two porters slowly moving about, with a sort of sleepy "night duty," surly air. It could not be the Junction? Barely midnight! Of course, not the Junction. We were not due there till about four o'clock in the morning.

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What, then, were we doing here, and what was "here"? Had there been an accident? At that moment a curious sound, from some yards' distance only it seemed to come, caught my ear. It was that croaking, cackling cough!—the cough of my momentary fellow-passenger, toward whom I had felt an instinctive aversion. I looked out of the window—there was a refreshment-room just opposite, dimly lighted, like everything else, and in the doorway, as if just entering, was the man with the cough.

"Bah!" I said to myself; "I must not be fanciful. I daresay he's all right. He is evidently in the same hole as myself. What in Heaven's name are we waiting here for?"

I sprang out of the carriage, nearly tumbling over a porter slowly passing along.

"How long are we to stay here?" I cried. "When do we start again for ——?" and I named the Junction.

"For ——?" he repeated in the queerest German I ever heard—"There is no train for—— for four or five hours, not till——" and he named the time; and leaning forward lazily, he took out my larger bag and my rug, depositing them on the platform. He did not seem surprised at finding me there—I might have been there for a week, it seemed.

"No train for five hours? Are you mad?"

He shook his head and mumbled something, and it seemed to me that he pointed to the refreshment-room opposite. Gathering my things together I hurried thither, hoping to find some more reliable authority. But there was no one there except a fat man with a white apron, who was clearing the counter—and, yes, in one corner was "The man with the cough."

I asked the cook about the train, but he only shook his head—denied all knowledge of the trains, and told me I must clear out; he was going to shut up.

"And where am I to spend the night, then?" I asked angrily.

There was a restaurant, he informed me, near at hand, which I should find open, straight before me on leaving the station; and then a few doors to the right I would see the lights.

Clearly there was nothing else to be done. I went out, and as I did so the silent figure in the corner rose also and followed me. As I passed the porter I repeated the hour he had named, adding:

"That is the first train for —— Junction?"

He nodded, again naming the exact time. But I cannot do so, as I have never been able to recollect it in the slightest way.

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I trudged along the road—there were lamps, though very feeble ones; but by their light I saw that the man who had been in the refreshment-room was still a few steps behind me. It made me feel slightly nervous, and I looked round furtively once or twice.

Now the restaurant was scarcely any more inviting than the station refreshment-room. It, too, was very dimly lighted, and the one or two attendants were half asleep and strangely silent. There was a fire, and I seated myself at a small table and asked for some coffee.

It was brought me, in silence. I drank it, and felt the better for it. But there was something so gloomy about the whole aspect and feeling of the place, that a sort of irritable resignation took possession of me. If these folk won't speak, neither will I. I think I paid for the coffee, but I am not sure. I know I never asked what I had meant to ask—the name of the town—a place of some importance, to judge by the size of the station and the extent of twinkling lights. From that day to this I have never been able to identify it in any respect.

What was there peculiar about that coffee? Or was it something peculiar about my own condition that caused it to have the unusual effect that I experienced? That question, too, I cannot answer. All I remember is feeling a sensation of irresistible drowsiness creeping all over me. For when one part of me feebly resisted the first onslaught of sleep, something seemed to reply: "Oh, nonsense! You have several hours before you. Your papers are all right. No one can touch them without awaking you."

Dreamily conscious that my belongings were on the floor at my feet—the bag itself actually resting against my ankle—my scruples silenced themselves in an extraordinary way. I remember nothing more, save a vague consciousness through all my slumber of confused, chaotic dreams.

I awoke at last, and that with a start, almost a jerk. Something had awakened me—a sound—and as it was repeated to my now aroused ears I knew that I had heard it before, off and on, during my sleep. It was the cough—the queer, extraordinary cough!

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I looked up. Yes, there he was! At some two or three yards' distance, at the other side of the fireplace, which, considering I had every reason to believe I was still in Germany, was not a stove, but an open grate.

And he had not been there when I first fell asleep; to that I was prepared to swear.

"He must have come sneaking in after me," I thought, and in all probability I should neither have noticed nor recognized him but for that traitorous cackle of his.

Now, my misgivings aroused, my first thought, of course, was for my precious charge. I stooped. There were my rugs, my larger bag, but—no, not the smaller one; and though the other two were there, I knew at once that they were not quite in the same position—not so close to me. Horror seized me. Half wildly I gazed around, when my silent neighbor bent toward me. I could declare there was nothing in his hand when he did so, and I could declare as positively that I had already looked under the small round table beside which I sat, and that the bag was not there. And yet when the man raised himself, the thing was in his hand!

Was he a conjurer, a pupil of Maskelyne and Cook? And how was it that, even as he held out my missing property, he managed, and that most cleverly and unobtrusively, to prevent my catching sight of his face?

Something he murmured, to the effect that he supposed the bag was what I was looking for. In what language he spoke I know not.

I thanked him, of course, mechanically, so to say, though I began to feel as if he were an evil spirit haunting me. I could only hope that the splendid lock to the bag had defied all curiosity.

The thought recalled my wandering faculties. How long had I been asleep? I drew out my watch. Heavens! It was close upon the hour named for the first train in the morning. I sprang up, collected my things, and dashed out of the restaurant.

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Dawn was not yet breaking, but there was in one direction a faint suggestion of something of the kind not far off. Otherwise all was dark. I stumbled along as best I could, helped in reality, I suppose, by the ugly yellow glimmer of the woe-begone street, or road lamps. And it was not far to the station, though somehow it seemed farther than when I came; and somehow, too, it seemed to have grown steep, though I could not remember having noticed any slope the other way on my arrival. A nightmare-like sensation began to oppress me. I felt as if my luggage was growing momentarily heavier and heavier, as if I should never reach the station; and to this was joined the agonizing terror of missing the train.

I made a desperate effort. Cold as it was, the beads of perspiration stood out upon my forehead as I forced myself along. And by degrees the nightmare feeling cleared off. I found myself entering the station at a run just as—yes, a train was actually beginning to move! I dashed, baggage and all, into a compartment; it was empty, and it was a second-class one, precisely similar to the one I had occupied before; it might have been the very same one. The train gradually increased its speed, but for the first few moments, while still in the station, another strange thing struck me—the extraordinary silence and lifelessness of all about. Not one human being did I see, no porter watching our departure with the faithful though stolid interest always to be seen on the porter's visage. I might have been alone on the train—it might have had a freight of the dead, and been itself propelled by some supernatural agency, so noiselessly, so gloomily did it proceed.

You will scarcely credit that I actually and for the third time fell asleep. I could not help it. Some occult influence was at work upon me throughout those dark hours I am positively certain. But with the daylight it was dispelled. For when I again awoke I felt for the first time since leaving home completely and normally myself, fresh and vigorous, all my faculties at their best.

But, nevertheless, my first sensation was a start of amazement, almost of terror. The compartment was nearly full! There were at least five or six travelers beside myself, very respectable, ordinary-looking folk, with nothing in the least alarming about them. Yet it was with a gasp of extraordinary relief that I found my precious bag in the corner beside me, where I had carefully placed it. It was concealed from view. No one, I felt assured, could have touched it without awaking me.

"Can you tell me," I inquired of my opposite neighbor, a cheery-faced compatriot, "Can you tell me how soon we get to —— Junction by this train? I am most anxious to catch the evening mail at Calais, and am quite out in my reckonings, owing to an extraordinary delay at ——. I have wasted the night by getting into a stopping train instead of the express, as I intended."

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He looked at me in astonishment. He must have thought me either mad or just awaking from a fit of intoxication.

"How soon we get to——Junction?" he repeated. "Why, my good sir, you left it about three hours ago! It is now eight o'clock. We all got in at the Junction. You were alone, if I mistake not?"—he glanced at one or two of the others, who indorsed his statement. "And very fast asleep you were, and must have been, not to be disturbed by the bustle at the station. And as for catching the evening boat at Calais,"—he burst into a loud guffaw—"why, it would be very hard lines to do no better than that! We all hope to cross by the mid-day one."

"Then—what train is this?" I exclaimed, utterly perplexed.

"The express, of course. All of us, excepting yourself, joined it at the Junction," he replied.

"The express?" I repeated. "The express that leaves"—and I named my own town—"at six in the evening?"

"Exactly. You have got into the right train after all," and here came another shout of amusement. "How did you think we had all got in if you had not yet passed the Junction? You had not the pleasure of our company from M——, I take it? M——, which you passed at nine o'clock last night, if my memory is correct."

"Then," I persisted, "this is the double-fast express, which does not stop between M—— and your Junction?"

"Exactly," he repeated; and then, confirmed most probably in his belief that I was mad, or the other thing, he turned to his newspaper, and left me to my extraordinary cogitations.

Had I been dreaming? Impossible! Every sensation, the very state of the coffee, seemed still present with me—the curious accent of the officials at the mysterious town I could perfectly recall. I still shivered at the remembrance of the chilly waking in the restaurant; I heard again the cackling cough.

But I felt I must collect myself, and be ready for the important negotiation intrusted to me. And to do this I must banish these fruitless efforts at solving the problem.

We had a good run to Calais, found the boat in waiting, and a fair passage brought us prosperously across the Channel. I found myself in London punctual to the intended hour of my arrival.

At once I drove to the lodgings, in a small street off the Strand, which I was accustomed to frequent in such circumstances. I felt nervous till I had an opportunity of thoroughly overhauling my documents. The bag had been opened by the Custom-House officials, but the words "private papers" had sufficed to prevent any further examination; and to my unspeakable delight they were intact. A glance satisfied me as to this the moment I got them out, for they were most carefully numbered and tied together.

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The next morning saw me early on my way to —— No. 909, we will say—Blackfriars Street, where was the office of Messrs. Bluestone and Fagg. I had never been there before, but it was easy to find, and had I felt any doubt, their name stared me in the face at the side of the open doorway. "Second floor" I thought I read; but when I reached the first landing I imagined I must have been mistaken. For there, at a door ajar, stood an eminently respectable-looking gentleman, who bowed as he saw me.

"Herr Schmidt?" he asked. "Ah, yes; I was on the lookout for you."

I felt a little surprised, and my glance involuntarily strayed to the doorway. There was no name upon it, and it appeared to have been freshly painted. He saw my glance.

"It is all right," he said; "we have the painters here. We are using these lower rooms temporarily. I was watching to prevent your having the trouble of mounting to the second floor."

And as I followed him in, I caught sight of a painter's ladder—a small one—on the stair above, and the smell was also unmistakable.

The large outer office looked bare and empty, but under the circumstances that was natural. No one was, at the first glance, to be seen; but behind a dulled glass partition screening off one corner I fancied I caught sight of a seated figure. And an inner office, to which my conductor led the way, had a more comfortable and inhabited look. Here stood a younger man. He bowed politely.

"Mr. Fagg, my junior," said the first individual airily. "And now, Herr Schmidt, to business at once, if you please. You have all the documents ready, I suppose?"

I answered by opening my bag and spreading out its contents. Both men were very grave, almost taciturn; but as I proceeded to explain things it was easy to see that they thoroughly understood all I said.

"And now," I went on, when I had reached a certain point, "if you will give me numbers seven and thirteen, which you have already received by registered post, I can put you in full possession of the whole. Without them, of course, all I have said is, so to say, preliminary only."

The two looked at each other.

"Of course," said the elder man, "I follow what you say. The key of the whole is wanting. But I was momentarily expecting you to bring it out. We have not—Fagg, I am right, am I not—we have received nothing by post?"

"Nothing whatever," replied his junior. Why did a strange thrill of misgiving go through me? Was it something in the look that had passed between them? Perhaps so. In any case, strange to say, the inconsistency between their having received no papers and yet looking for my arrival at the hour mentioned in the letter accompanying the documents, and accosting me by name, did not strike me till some few hours later.

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I threw off what I believed to be my ridiculous mistrust, and it was not difficult to do in my extreme annoyance.

"I cannot understand it," I said. "It is really too bad. Everything depends upon seven and thirteen. I must telegraph at once for inquiries to be made at the post-office."

"But your people must have duplicates," said Fagg eagerly. "These can be forwarded at once."

"I hope so," I said, though feeling strangely confused and worried.

"They must send them direct here," he said emphatically.

I did not at once answer. I was gathering my papers together.

"And in the meantime," he proceeded, touching my bag, "you had better leave these here. We will lock them up in the safe at once. It is better than carrying them about London."

It certainly seemed so. I half laid down the bag on the table, but at that moment from the outer room a most peculiar sound caught my ears—a faint cackling cough! I think I concealed my start. I turned away as if considering Fagg's suggestion, which, to confess the truth, I had been on the very point of agreeing to. For it would have been a great relief to me to know that the papers were in safe custody. But now a flash of lurid light seemed to have transformed everything.

"I thank you," I replied. "I should be glad to be free from the responsibility of the charge, but I dare not let these out of my own hands till the agreement is formally signed."

The younger man's face darkened.

"I don't know how it strikes you, Mr. Bluestone," he said, "but it seems to me that this young gentleman is going rather too far. Do you think your employers will be pleased to hear of your insulting us, sir?"

But the elder man smiled condescendingly.

"Stay, my dear Mr. Fagg; we can well afford to make allowance. You will telegraph at once, no doubt, Herr Schmidt, and—let me see—yes, we shall receive the duplicates of numbers seven and thirteen by first post on Thursday morning."

"Exactly," I replied, as I lifted the now locked bag. "And you may expect me at the same hour on Thursday morning."

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Then I took my departure accompanied to the door by the man who had received me.

The telegram which I at once dispatched was not couched precisely as he would have dictated, I allow. And he would have been considerably surprised at my sending off another, later in the day, to Bluestone and Fagg's telegraph address, in these words:

"Unavoidably detained till Thursday morning.—Schmidt."

By Thursday morning I had had time to receive a letter from Herr Wilhelm, and to secure the services of a certain noted detective, accompanied by whom I presented myself at the appointed hour at 909. But my companion's services were not required. The birds had flown, warned by the same traitor in our camp through whom the first hints of the new patent had leaked out. With him it was easy to deal, poor wretch! but the clever rogues who had employed him and personated the members of the honorable firm of Bluestone and Fagg were never traced.

The negotiation was successfully carried out. The experiences I had gone through left me a wiser man. It is to be hoped, too, that the owners of 909 Blackfriars Street were more cautious in the future as to whom they let their premises to when temporarily vacant.

It is needless to add that numbers seven and thirteen had been duly received on the second floor.

I have never known the true history of that extraordinary night. Was it all a dream, or a prophetic vision of warning? Or was it in any sense true? Had I, in some inexplicable way, left my own town earlier than I intended, and really traveled in a slow train?

Or had the man with a cough, for his own nefarious purposes, mesmerized or hypnotized me, and to some extent succeeded?

I cannot say. Sometimes, even, I ask myself if I am quite sure that there ever was such a person as "the man with the cough!"

The Byrntell Golden Wedding

AWAITING THE CHILDREN'S HOME-COMING

By Marjorie Richardson

THE south wind stirred the budding roses that clambered in wild profusion up the trellis till they reached the slanting roof of the old gray house. One slender branch, set free by the breeze, swayed defiantly for a moment, and then fell across Mrs. Byrntell's lap, as she sat rocking and knitting on the porch below. She gave a little start; the ball of yarn fell from her knee and rolled slowly down the steps, to be converted into a plaything for the house cat, Dinah.

There was a far-away look in the elderly woman's face as she lifted the branch and gazed at the clustering buds; and she drew a long, contented sigh and put her cheek tenderly against the thorny little flowers. Dinah, unheeded, chased the ball of yarn up and down the steps, and finally began a work of destruction on it right under her mistress' eyes. Even Judge Byrntell came unnoticed across the lawn. He stopped in front of the porch for a moment and gazed at his wife. An amused expression came into his face, and he went quietly up the steps to her side.

"I hope they are pleasant dreams, Rachel," he said.

She gave a startled little turn, and then laughed softly as she met his smiling eyes.

"They were," she answered, laying her hand, that still held the fallen vine, on his arm. "They were of our wedding day, John. These roses carried me back a long, long time—fifty years, John."

"It has been a short time, Rachel, dear," corrected the Judge gently. "So short that I can remember just how you looked when you drove away with me in the old chaise that June morning. You stood underneath the drooping rose vines for a moment, and you made a comely picture standing there, your white dress and bonnet outlined against the dark foliage, and the roses of your cheeks matching those on the vines. Well, well, that was a happy day, Rachel!"

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"And what a happy day its fiftieth anniversary will be, John. Truly, a golden wedding day, with all our children and grandchildren around us to ——"

"Hark!" interrupted the Judge, bending his head to listen. "I can hear tooting; the old coach must be coming. Yes! there it is, lumbering over the causeway. Come, Rachel, quick! Stand on the steps so that the children will see you the first thing when they turn the corner."

But the scions of the Byrntell family were so much absorbed in contemplating the old homestead, with its broad acres, that their eyes never sought the porch; and Mrs. Byrntell's welcoming smile received no recognition; even the Judge's hand-wave passed by unnoticed.

"Quite a charming estate," Mr. Van Slater was saying. "It puts one in mind of some of the old English country places; the grounds are so extensive, and that bit of forest land at the side might easily pass for a park. Really, you know, Isabelle," turning to his wife, "I had quite forgotten what a delightful old spot it was."

"Tremendous amount of land about it," said Mr. Benjamin Byrntell, eyeing it reflectively. "If those mills in the adjoining town amount to anything, it might be a good investment to run a street railroad through here and then cut up the land father doesn't need into building lots."

"Oh, Benjamin!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Slater, in tones of languid reproof, "the West has certainly wrought a great change in you. How differently you and Nicholas regard things; you worship the American dollar ——"

"And he the English sovereign!" put in Mr. Byrntell, with a short laugh.

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But here the coach turned in at the driveway, and the passengers became aware of the expectant old couple waiting on the porch steps to receive them.

It was ten years since the family had all been together in the homestead, and there was something strangely pathetic in the anxious welcome of the old Judge and his wife, for they suddenly realized that a great change had come over their sons and daughters, and that their greeting had no tender significance to the grandchildren.

"I feel as if I hardly knew you, my dear," said the grandmother tremulously, as she held the hand of a tall, handsome girl in both her own. "It seems wonderful that little Katie should have grown up into a young lady."

Miss Katherine Van Slater smiled faintly, and looked a trifle bored. Her grandmother dropped her hand and turned toward her sister, a girl with a sweet, uncertain mouth, and large blue eyes.

"And this is Gertrude, who was hardly more than a baby when you went abroad; and Rosamund—can this great girl be the little Rosamund I used to know?"

But Gertrude and her cousin, Rosamund Byrntell, both received their grandmother's caresses rather carelessly.

"It is not in the least changed," said Charles Byrntell, the Judge's youngest son, looking about him. "One could fancy one had never been away."

"Yes," said the Judge heartily, "mother and I wouldn't have a thing altered; we wanted you all to feel that whenever you came back to the old home you ——"

"Stand perfectly still; don't one of you move an inch," shrieked Mrs. Anna Prescott suddenly, as she sent her maid crawling on her hands and knees over the floor. "Oh, do not move; be careful; you may step on it."

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"Couldn't very well help it if we moved," giggled Rosamund Byrntell, watching the maid stretch out her long, angular arms, as she inched along, giving the carpet elephantine pats with her large hand every now and then. "But what's the game, Aunt Anna? Still palm?"

"My gold vinaigrette—I have lost it, and here I am on the verge of hysteria; it must have been stolen since we arrived. Mother, are you sure your maids are honest?"

"Honest? Why, Anna," said Mrs. Byrntell, with gentle rebuke in her voice, "Don't you remember Sarah and Katie? They have been with us for twenty years or more."

"And probably stealing twenty years or more, too," returned Mrs. Anna querulously. "I wish you would ask them about it now; it—it—has associations. Mr. Prescott gave it to me—just—before he died, and—and—I"—here her voice was lost in a sob.

"You had a new top put on it at Chicago, and then in Detroit you broke the bottle and had that replaced, so I wouldn't cry about the associations, it seems to me," said Mrs. Benjamin Byrntell bluntly.

"You have no feeling, Julia," returned her sister-in-law, drawing out her handkerchief; "but, of course, I am in the wrong. I always am! I acknowledge it," and she walked up the stairs to her room.

Mrs. Byrntell cast an uneasy glance at her daughter's retreating figure, and looked appealingly at the faces around her.

"Don't fret about it, mother," said her son Benjamin. "Lately Anna puts up the white flag on all occasions, and it is something you will get used to."

"But, mother," said Mrs. Van Slater, "you ought to question Katie and Sarah; one cannot be too careful in these days."

That was a very different evening from the one the Judge and his wife had so often looked forward to when, sitting alone by the library fire, they had talked so happily of "the children's home-coming."

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Old Mrs. Byrntell felt as if she were in a dream as she looked about her, and tried to realize that these worldly men and women were the same boys and girls who had passed their early life in this New England home. Not that they were wanting in deference and even seeming affection for their mother and father; but there was something missing, something that had gone forever.

And the grandchildren—they were like so many strangers; and before long grandmamma began to stand in some secret awe of them. Katherine and Gertrude were so dignified and self-possessed, and Rosamund, Benjamin's daughter, laughed incessantly and talked about so many things of which her grandmother had never even heard.

"I am afraid I shall never feel very much at home with them," thought grandmamma, and then chided herself for this unnatural sentiment.

It was not until after breakfast the next morning that the subject of the golden wedding, the ostensible reason for this family gathering, was broached. It was Katherine who mentioned it.

"Mamma," she said carelessly, "don't you think you ought to order grandmamma's gown for the fête on the eighteenth?"

Her grandmother started, and looked around. She had been listening anxiously to the plans Rosamund and Gertrude were making of laying out a tennis court on the smooth lawn in front of the house.

"It would be selfish to object," she had said to herself, "and yet John and I have been so proud of that piece of velvet turf."

But at Katherine's words she turned quickly.

"The fête on the eighteenth?" she faltered. "Why, my dear, it is my anniversary day."

"Of course it is," cried Rosamund, catching the last words. "But don't anniversary and fête and golden wedding all come in the same class, you dear old thing?" Rosamund was never very deferential to any one—not even her grandmother.

"You see, mother," began her daughter Isabelle, as if she were explaining matters to a very young child, "you and father have a position to maintain in the neighborhood. It is time you let people understand that you are the natural leaders here; and there is no better way of doing so than in giving this fête that we shall arrange for you."

"We had planned to do something," said grandmamma, looking at her daughter with anxious eyes. "Your father and I thought it would be pleasant to gather about us a few of the old friends who are still left. Some of them were even at our wedding, and we thought we would have a quiet little tea-party, and open the box of cake that was sealed up fifty years ——"

"A tea-party!" broke in Rosamund. "Oh, my gracious! Did you ever hear anything so funny? Do you suppose pa and ma and I and Aunt Anna have come all the way from Seattle to go to a tea-party?"

"Rosamund!" said her mother reprovingly. "You see," she explained, turning to Mrs. Byrntell, on whose cheek a faint flush had crept, "Rosamund means that this is too great an occasion to be celebrated in any small way. I agree with Isabelle; you certainly ought to do something out of the common on an occasion like this."

"It is quite the latest fashion in England to celebrate anniversaries at the family country place," said Katherine Van Slater, "and I hear everyone is beginning to adopt it over here. It sounds so well, too, if one has a large place like this."

"Oh, how lovely it would be," exclaimed her sister eagerly, "if the tenants could have a holiday and build bonfires and things. Of course, you have no tenants, but then there are the village people, or—some one."

Mrs. Byrntell looked distressed.

"Perhaps we had better wait and ask your father," she said, addressing Mrs. Van Slater. "We are such simple people I hardly think he will want any such—demonstration made."

Meanwhile the Judge was having his bad quarter of an hour with his sons.

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The four men had strolled through the old barn, had inspected the wheat fields, and now seated themselves on a wall, under a shady apple tree.

"Judge, I have a proposition to make," said his son-in-law, at last breaking the silence. "Isabelle and I talked it over last night, and decided to speak to you about it. We want a country place in which to spend our summers. Now, what do you say to selling this? Wait a bit; don't answer me till I put it all before you. You and Mrs. Byrntell are getting old, don't you know; you haven't enough money to keep up the grounds in the way you should; and besides, it must be a tremendous responsibility. I would remodel the house, build a new stable, and give you a large price for it, and you might live here just the same, you know. We should come down in the spring and spend the summer, and I would buy that piece of forest land at the side, too," he added generously; "then that would prevent its being built upon. I see the town is beginning to creep up in this direction."

"I should hope it was," broke in Benjamin Byrntell indignantly. "If that isn't just like you, Van Slater! I won't have father selling the land; it's growing more valuable every day. It won't be long before it's in the heart of the town, and if anything is to be done with the meadow and woodland I'll buy them myself and put up another factory. I don't think that would be a bad investment, anyway."

The Judge looked from one to the other, surprise growing into anger upon his face.

"I don't wish to sell," he said shortly. "Mother and I have money enough left to live here without any changes being made."

Charles Byrntell laughed lazily.

"I call that an excellent decision," he said. "Father doesn't care to be disturbed; he is like me. I say, get as much comfort out of life as one can without moving. I have reduced it to a science. I should not care if I never stirred from my club again. Every sort of an exertion is a bore."

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The Judge did not hear the last of the sentence. He left the little group under the apple tree, and walked away from them through the long sweet grass toward the barn. His lips were set firmly, and there were some lines on his face which had never been there before. He thought of the old days, when he and his boys had looked proudly across the fields, and talked of the time when they should have made enough money to buy that little woodland they had been speaking of. Then none of the trees should ever be cut down, except just enough to open a little vista through which one could get a view of the mountains. And in leading them to that place this morning, the Judge had wondered wistfully if they would remember that old ambition.

Well, he saw it had been forgotten with the other associations, and—— "Rachel must never hear of this," he murmured. "It would break her heart to know they said such things."

For the first time during fifty years the old Judge and his wife avoided each other, and tried to pretend that everything was all right,

casting blame upon the children. They even made a pretense of enjoying the renovations, though grandmamma did look a trifle doubtful when she saw the Judge's old chaise pushed into a dusty corner.

"The world has taken a stride, mother, and left us with the chaise far behind."

He threw a wistful glance, however, at his old friend before he left the barn, and grandmamma walked slowly back to the house.

Her daughter Anna's sharp voice called her as she entered the door.

"Is that you, mother? Where on earth have you been? Your wedding dress and cap have come, and we have been waiting a long time for you to try them on."

Mrs. Van Slater was just lifting a mass of silk and lace from a huge box.

"Oh, isn't it handsome!" said Mrs. Benjamin Byrntell.

"Grandmamma is not used to managing a train, I fancy; oughtn't she to practice walking with it a bit?" suggested Katherine.

"Oh, not yet!" said her Aunt Anna hurriedly. "I want her to try on the cap first."

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And she removed the little muslin cap from grandmamma's gray curls, and replaced it with an airy structure of violets and lace.

Rosamund burst into loud laughter.

"Aunt Anna!" she shrieked, "Grandmamma's head looks like a flower-bed."

Mrs. Prescott's handkerchief was half way to her eyes; but, catching sight of her brother Charles in the doorway, with a telegram in his hand, she put it hastily down.

"It is from the rector, Mr. Wyeth-Gordon. He is coming to-morrow," Charles said.

"How delightful!" cried Mrs. Van Slater, taking the telegram eagerly. "I forgot to tell you when I came, mother, that Mr. Wyeth-Gordon is to repeat the marriage ceremony on the eighteenth."

"To repeat it?" said grandmamma questioningly. "I don't think that is necessary. Have you spoken to your father about it?"

"It will make no difference to father," returned Mrs. Van Slater impatiently. "We can't stop to consult you about everything."

"No, indeed!" put in Charles, with a mocking smile. "This is the girls' wedding, mother, not yours."

Old Mrs. Byrntell removed the violet cap from her head with trembling fingers, then without another word she left the room.

Half an hour later the Judge found her sitting alone in her room. In her lap lay a time-stained box, from which came a faint scent of lavender flowers.

"See, John," she said tremulously, taking from it a pair of gloves and satin slippers, yellow with age. "We used to say the time was short between that day and this; I am realizing that we were wrong. We have no place in the world of to-day."

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"Not a bit of it, my dear," said the Judge. "I have a plan which will show them that the old chaise and the old couple aren't to be put in a cobwebby corner just yet." He looked at the gown grandmamma had laid on the bed—an old-fashioned black silk, with tiny sprigs of pansies woven in it. "That is the gown you were going to wear on our golden wedding day, and that is the gown you shall wear. A minister coming just to repeat the marriage ceremony! as if the knot was not tied firm enough by a good parson fifty years ago."

"And boys to sing, John!"

"We have stood a great deal these last two weeks, Rachel," said the Judge, his anger rising. "The whole place has been made over to suit the children's whims, without a thought of our comfort. They sent the old horse to pasture yesterday, and stowed away the carriage that we have ridden in for twenty years. But we will have them both back again to-morrow. Now, listen to my plan, Rachel," and as he closed the door softly Charles Byrntell came out of his room across the hall and walked off with a queer smile on his face.

At sunset the next day, in the midst of the flurry of caterers and florists, who had come to make preparations for the fête on the morrow, an old horse and chaise was driven unnoticed out of the barn.

But as it approached the first turn in the road a man rose from a low stone wall.

"Stop a moment, father," said Charles Byrntell, putting his hand on the slowly turning wheel. "I have your wedding present here, and perhaps I had better give it to you now, for I want you and mother to have it on your anniversary," glancing with a half smile at the large valise on the floor of the chaise. "It isn't much, but I thought you would like it as well as anything. It's a deed of the forest land and south meadow we were speaking of the other day. I wanted you to know that I hadn't quite forgotten our old talks. Don't thank me; I don't deserve it. But there is one thing more I would like to say," he added, looking down, with a slight flush on his face. "I know our visit has been a disappointment to you, but don't think too hard of us; it was more thoughtlessness than anything else."

The Judge grasped his son's hand heartily, and Mrs. Byrntell leaned down to put her lips to his forehead in a parting kiss, but neither spoke. Then the old chaise disappeared around the bend in the road in a cloud of dust. Grandmamma and Grandpapa Byrntell were really eloping.

The Temptation of the Rector

A STRUGGLE BETWEEN LOVE AND RIGHT

By Margaret Seymour Hall

"THERE is no doubt about it," said Mrs. Plympton, with great firmness, "the man ought to get married." She spoke with a certain manner of one having the voice of authority, which was, indeed, the view which she herself held upon the subject, being no less a person than the wife of the Senior Warden.

"You see," she continued to her interested audience, the Wednesday afternoon sewing society, "an unmarried clergyman is always unsatisfactory in some ways, especially if he's young and good looking. The silly women will run after him and do their best to turn his head; and the nice, sensible ones have heard so many jokes about it that they are afraid to be civil, and they'll run away from him. Now, if he had a wife, it would all be settled and every one's mind would be at rest. Besides, it's a sin and a shame to think of our lovely rectory without a woman in it."

It will be gathered, from the above remarks, that a degree of interest had been created, in the parish of St. Peter's, by the advent of its new rector, the Rev. Arthur Middleton, and the parish of St. Peter's was not wont to regard itself as a source of agitation. Its former incumbent had been a dear, old gentleman, rightly beloved by his parishoners, but, at the same time, one with whom it was impossible to associate the thought of anything approaching excitement.

He had never, through a long course in the ministry, been able wholly to free his mind from the idea that his hearers were living in the time of Edward VI, and his sermons (generally turning somewhat upon the Apostolic Succession, while received with a contented acquiescence, could in no sense have been called stimulating or rousing.

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The place itself was one of those beautiful and wealthy New England towns, with a river winding through the middle and dividing the factories and those who were employed by them, on the one side, from the wide, elm-arched streets where lived the prosperous manufacturers.

Into this peaceful community the new rector, who had been called from a bustling, new town in the far West, came something after the manner of an earthquake. He was a tall, dark, vigorous young man, who, if he failed to show a proper spirit of appreciation of the importance of the exact shade of altar cloths for the different seasons, and really seemed to look upon the vital question of candles wholly from the utilitarian standpoint of illumination, offered, perhaps, compensations for this obtruseness in the amount of zeal which he threw into his work, and in the fire and eloquence of his preaching. Pews began to fill in a surprising manner. Aged members of the vestry, who had fallen into the habit of a gentle doze during the forty minutes' drone of the former rector, found this amiable custom to be quite impossible under his successor, and began, with surprise, to realize that there were more important matters for theological discourse than even the settlement of the succession from Peter to Clement. The younger men, who were at first drawn by curiosity, were known to actually forego the delights of the Sunday morning nap for the purpose of helping in the schools.

It was among this latter class, indeed, that the greatest strength of the rector's popularity lay, which fact, it is to be feared, was not so much due to his learning and oratory as to the skill which he early displayed in the line of athletics. He not only joined the Fencers' Club and proved himself their superior with the foils, but played base-ball on Saturday morning, with the boys from the Academy, in a manner that won them to a firm following in all that he undertook.

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He established a mission in the worst part of the town near the river, and the final height of esteem was reached on the evening when, single-handed, he ejected Jerry Noolan, the noted tough, who, in a drunken and profane state, was attempting to enter with a view to smashing the windows during a session of the sewing-school. "'Twas the purtiest scrap I ever seed," related one Mike O'Halloran, the organ-blower, afterward to a delighted audience, "jist tuk 'im like a child, he did, an' waltzed 'im right along, and Jerry didn't have no more chance than nothin'," and it was probably a tribute to this display of muscular Christianity, more than to any spiritual gifts, which caused the Bible class promptly to fill up to the point of overflowing.

Among the feminine portion of his congregation Mr. Middleton's success was not so well assured. It was not that he was rude or neglectful, but the truth was that they did not seem to interest him nearly so much as did the men and boys. He spoke to the young ladies in just the same tone that he used in addressing their mammas, and with even less enthusiasm—a thing which pleased neither party.

Indeed, in their pity for his ignorance and the zeal of their efforts to bring him to a better state of mind, they even went so far as to select the very individual suitable to undertake the conversion, and, after some wavering between several candidates, finally settled, almost unanimously, upon Mary Cartwright, the daughter of the Professor at the Academy, and the cleverest and prettiest girl in town. In choosing this young lady, in preference to a more wealthy damsel, it was felt that there had been shown a display of great liberality, and concession to a supposed community of tastes and a common regarding of life from the professional and literary standpoint. They suited each other.

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Miss Cartwright, let us hasten to add, was no party to the transaction, being very much taken up with plans of her own for going to France to study art. She was, in fact, one of the few dissenters from the idea that matrimony was a necessary adjunct to a clerical career. "Mr. Middleton has not asked us to manage his affairs," she said, "and I think it's most impertinent for us to attempt to interfere."

But she spoke alone, for the Reverend Arthur was singularly handsome, and eligible men were scarce. Indeed, the popular sentiment was largely voiced by Mrs. Plympton, who thought that Mary Cartwright had much better be staying at home, and finding a good husband for herself, than flying off to the ends of the earth with the Lord knows who.

But, from the other side also, the match-makers were met with an obtuseness and want of comprehension that baffled the boldest. Even Milly Dyce, a young lady who was supposed to have solved the problem of serving God and Mammon at the same time; combining an angelic countenance, and a great ability in church work, with a carnal levity of mind which made her thoroughly enjoy the havoc that she habitually caused in the hearts of the clergy, could not flatter herself that she had produced the slightest impression.

In vain she wound long Christmas wreaths of laurel, lacerating her pretty white hands in the toil; in vain she taught a class of very dirty and lively little boys, Sunday after Sunday; in vain she embroidered a most beautiful purple stole for Lenten services. The rector, who would have been quite capable, if not carefully watched by the sexton, of appearing in a green one, thanked her with great politeness but with just the same manner in which he spoke to Mrs. Plympton, and, apparently, without the slightest recognition of the fact that her cheeks were as pink as the heart of an apple blossom and her eyes two great blue orbs that "sang on like the angels in separate glory betwixt clouds of amber," as her latest conquest, the former curate, had been known to remark she was, certainly, lovely.

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He was very far gone, that particular curate, and was, in truth, rather a weak-minded youth who had been (most mistakenly) educated by the "Society for the Increase of the Ministry," and he had a way of coloring up violently and misplacing his words when she came late into church, which was trying to his hearers; but this is a digression.

The Reverend Arthur Middleton was going quietly about his work with his usual devotion to it, and with no more regard to the voice of the charmer than to the voices of the sparrows twittering in the church eaves.

It was after an unusually hard round of parish work that he returned late on a certain afternoon in April to his home. The diverse duties that make up a clergyman's calls had, during their course, shown him life in almost as many phases as there were hours in the day.

In the morning he had gone for a row on the river with a crew of boys whom he was coaching in the latest thing in strokes. The lovely spring weather and vigorous exercise made his blood tingle and toned him up for work. On returning to the dock he had been hurried off by a sudden summons to administer the communion to a poor soul in the hospital, sinking under the surgeon's knife; from this sick bed he had gone to the church for the wedding of two prosperous young people. After the wedding breakfast he returned home to find a terrible tale of sin and sorrow waiting his advice; then came two or three applicants for parish alms, which cases had to be disposed of, and then he was called off to baptize a sick child. It was exhausting work, and, with nerves aching and brain overtaxed, he came back to his study and endeavored to compose his thoughts and to put in order his ideas for the sermon he was to give on the morrow.

The study was a beautiful room built by his predecessor, who had possessed fine taste in architecture. There was a high arched roof. Two pointed windows on one side, and a large one on the other, divided the bookshelves which covered the three walls from floor to ceiling. On the remaining wall was a carved fireplace, brought from an old house at The Hague, and to the left of the fireplace were hung engravings of Dürer's Knight riding through the forest of the world, with Sin, a monster, lurking in the rear, and Death holding up before him the hourglass, and of the statue of Savonarola, from the square in Florence.

There was also a large photograph of Laurens' Michael and Satan, from the Luxembourg gallery; all these denoting struggle and conflict. On the right the Madonna and Child enthroned, the Christus Consolator and the head of Correggio's Angel spoke of the peace beyond. The charm of the room lay more in the architecture and in that which always lies in many books than in attempts of its possessor to adorn it. The square table in the centre was clearly that of a worker, several volumes being heaped upon it, and a Hebrew version of the Pentateuch lying open for reference.

The rector had just selected his text and started to work when there came another knock. "Come in," he said wearily, hoping that no one else was either sick or in trouble and needing him, and the door opened, disclosing the round, red face of the youngest choir-boy, a fascinating little scamp with a voice like an angel and an ingenuity in badness absolutely unique.

"Please, sir," he said, "Mr. Jameson sent me to say that we're going to practice a new tune to your hymn that you like so much, and he'd be glad if you'd come over to rehearsal and hear it."

"Very well," said Mr. Middleton. "Come here a minute, Dicky." Then, taking the child on his knee, he added, "And now what was the trouble last Sunday? I was sorry to see my boys misbehaving. I like them to be good."

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Dicky hung his head. "It was me. I caught a toad; it hopped in the window; I put a paper hat on it and spectacles; it made the boys laugh. It was awful funny," he added in justification.

"I have no doubt of that, Dicky, and some day you and I will go on a walk together and look for a toad and you shall show me, but do you think church is the place in which to play with toads?"

"No," Dicky admitted penitently, "and I won't do it again, but it's so hard to keep still. I get so tired."

"Yes, I know. It's hard for me, too, and when I see boys uninterested and misbehaving it makes it so much harder that sometimes I can hardly preach God's word at all to the people, and then I come home and feel sorry and ashamed all day."

This was a new thought to Dicky, who was clearly impressed and contrite, and the rector held him in his arms and felt the warmth of the little curly head on his shoulder with a strange thrill of pleasure.

The words came back to him that he had heard a few days before from an Irishwoman whose child he had christened. "It's your own you'll be holding there soon, your Reverence," she had said, and at the remembrance he felt a sudden ache of loneliness as he gazed out of the window with eyes that were looking at far-off scenes and days long past; a sense of loneliness and unsatisfied heart-hunger filled him. Why could not he have a home, with wife and children, like other men? Was there not some sweet womanly companionship that might yet make life full and happy?

Perhaps he was not such an embodiment of the deaf adder as he had appeared, for the image of Mary Cartwright rose before him—a clever, sensible girl and most attractive. Could he not try his chances there and find out whether it were really hopeless to combat her devotion to art? For a few minutes he let the pleasing thought gather in his brain and then he put it aside with a deep sigh. Too well he knew the hopelessness of it; once, and for all, he had tried and lost, and cast his lot beyond all hope of change; the golden gates of Love would never swing back upon their hinges to let his dream of Heaven come again.

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He put down the little boy at last with a gentle word and turned again to his notes. In the act of doing so the gold cross of the spire, clearly defined against the blue, caught his eye, and his glance traveled from it to the graves in the cemetery at its foot. After all, what did it matter? Such a little while to toil and fret, and then this soft green rest. The only thing of consequence was to bear one's self nobly and not to be a coward in the combat.

The twilight had fallen and the choir had begun to practice when he entered the church. All the lower end was in darkness; only around the organist and upon the faces and music books of the boys were patches of light. Dicky was singing a solo, the words of which were destined in after days to always bring back the scene, at first with sharp pain, then the pain softened and at last was only peace; but always he could see

the empty, dark church, the lighted chancel and the illuminated face of the boy as he sang "Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed?"

It was while listening and wondering how such a cry could come from an ignorant, happy urchin who had never known even the shadow of care, that the sexton touched him on the shoulder.

"There's a lady outside, waiting to see you," he said, "just by the side door."

With the hymn still ringing in his ears the Rector passed up the aisle and out at the side entrance. There was a carriage waiting by the gate, and, as he came forward, its occupant, a tall woman dressed in black, came up the walk. There was a slight illumination from the chancel windows, and perhaps it was the faintness of the light that made Mr. Middleton look so white. He stood quite still for a minute, and when he spoke it was only to ask a question, and, as the woman answered, he turned and opened the door of the study and passed in. A lamp was burning low and a fire was dancing on the hearth, lighting the room with a cheerful glow. The woman looked around, contrasting it, perhaps, with something, and then she sat down. She was dressed rather shabbily, if one could think of such a detail in looking at her, for her loveliness was of the kind that it is beyond the power of poverty, age or sorrow to destroy, and under any circumstances she would have been beautiful. She had the reddish hair and transparent skin of one of Henner's paintings, and something of the same indescribable purity and charm of feature. There were lines in the face and dark circles under the great, brown eyes, but they only seemed to add a touch of pathos; even had it been otherwise she was lifted beyond all possibility of change for one faithful heart.

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"Why have you come to me?" he asked once more. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes," she said; then, going on slowly, "not one particular trouble; it's all trouble; everything is wrong, and I have come to you for advice." She paused a minute. "I know I've no right to trouble you; I know how I treated you; but, in spite of everything, you've always stood to me for right and conscience, always; and when everything else gave way somehow I thought of you. Now you must tell me what to do. You know how well my worldly schemes succeeded, don't you?"

"I had heard," he said hesitatingly, "that your husband had failed, but I was told—I understood——"

She gave a short laugh.

"You understood that it was one of those failures out of which a man comes richer than he went in? Well, you are right. It was just that sort of a failure. We didn't have to go to Mexico exactly, but, of course, all right-minded people had no choice but to drop us. I've never blamed them for that, and worldly as I was, I was honest, at least, thanks to my bringing up, I suppose, and the dishonest money was a horror to me. I couldn't enjoy it.

"I used to think of the story of the girl who sold herself to the Prince of Darkness, for gold, and then starved to death for want of an honest crust. Well, I've been down in those regions myself since, and I've choked with just that gold bread, and now, thank Heaven, we've lost it. It came dishonestly and it's gone in gambling speculations. Except for the little income that I inherited from my honest old father, we haven't a penny in the world. Did you ever think that you would live to hear me congratulate myself on the fact that I'm poor? It's true, all the same; but that is not what I came all this way to ask you. What I want to ask is this: Do you think that when you are bound to a person whom you hate and loathe from the bottom of your heart—one whose touch makes you shudder; a man without a conscience, without common honesty—that any law requires you to keep from cutting the bond and giving yourself a chance to breathe once more?"

She blazed out this last with a sudden fire of rage that was dreadful to him. The whole thing—the scorn, the burning passion, the coming off in this way in search of sympathy—was so different from anything that he had ever known in her that he was filled with wonder. She seemed entirely changed.

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"Do you think that I am exaggerating?" she continued. "I tell you the truth; every breath of air that I share with him is polluted for me. He is false and mean all through and through; there is not the first idea of honor in him. He is a gambler and a cheat. I have borne all that I can bear, and now I have come to you to ask if I have not borne enough. I will gladly give him every cent that I have in the world; I can earn my own living. Tell me that I may leave him; tell me so. I don't know why I can't quiet my conscience without your help, but you know I always used to come to you with everything, and perhaps my brain is getting weak from all my trouble."

"Does the man treat you badly?" he asked, with sudden fierceness.

She shook her head. "No," she said reluctantly, "not according to his ideas. He's fond of me in his way. I would give worlds if he were not, but I suppose it's his perverseness and because he knows that I've never cared for him. It isn't that. If he beat me or deserted me I should ask no man's advice; but it's the moral degradation; it's the living with a thief and a liar. Can't you understand? Can't you see how such a thing would lower one's own character day by day? Why must I sink to his level? I want to be free, and dream, and go off to live my own hard, sweet, honest life."

She put her head down on her folded arm and sobbed, while, on the other side of the table, the Rev. Arthur Middleton felt himself suddenly weak and helpless at the sight of her pain and the thought of the long years of shame and mortification that must have driven her to this. A longing to comfort her, to tell her to be free, to help her to cut loose from the bonds that bound her, swept over him in a great wave of temptation. She was, still, so precious to him.

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After all the years of work and repression his old love rose up again and covered him with a sense of hopelessness and defeat. He who had felt himself so safe, so brave; who, in honest confidence and rejoicing, had applied to himself the words of the psalm: "I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord, and so will I go to Thine altar," now felt all his strength go from him in his hour of need. "I am a man before I am a priest," he thought; "how can I send her back to that scoundrel? There is every reason why I should help her; there is the tie of old association; we are two aliens together in this Eastern country. If I give her up forever, if I take a vow to never see her again, may I not be permitted to think of her as free and happy? How can I thrust her back into misery, I who would give my life for her?" But all the time he knew, in his heart, that he was trying to blind his own eyes.

The choristers were still at their singing. "Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear," came softly from the church. There was no other sound; the woman had not spoken again, but, as the last notes of the hymn died away, he began to speak:

"Alice," and his tones came low, but unwavering, "you have come to me for advice and I must give it to you as my conscience dictates. You have no right to leave your husband; others may leave him, but not you. You say that it is lowering your character to live with him, but it is not so. Did you have such a sense of honor in the old days? such horror of dishonesty and worldliness? You know and I know that you did not. This much at least you have brought out of your suffering, and who knows what other lessons are waiting for you? Do you dare to slight them and say that you will not learn them? And is there nothing to be said from his side when you yourself acknowledge that you never loved your husband? You are a far stronger character than he. Was there no influence that you could have exerted if you had cared for him? You know what you have promised and how—'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I am His priest, and I have no right to free you from your duty. You will guess what it costs me to say this to you," said the poor clergyman with a sudden faltering; "perhaps you know that it is not mere words when I say that I would go through any pain to spare you; but, if I must choose for you, I can only choose the highest, and I can only send you into the path of suffering—to bravely endure it."

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Silence fell once more between them. The firelight danced on the wall, lighting the stern figure of Savonarola with one hand upon the lion and the other holding on high the cross. Neither spoke until the woman rose and put out her hand.

"Good-by, Arthur," she said brokenly; "it is for life this time. I promise never to see you again. I don't ask you to forgive me for the past because I know that you have done it, and I will make one more trial, though I don't say that I'll succeed. Perhaps if I look on it as an expiation it may be a little easier. I threw my life away myself, I suppose, and we don't always have to wait for the next world to bring us our deserved punishment."

The parish of St. Peter's never has understood why their Rector broke down so suddenly after that Easter. It was the extra Lenten services, they said; he had done too much, and it was always malarious in those slums near the river. If the old doctor and the nurse, who nursed him through the attack of typhoid, suspected another cause, they never told, and it was not long afterward that he accepted a call to a large mission parish in the city.

After he was gone a story was somehow started that he was a secret advocate of the doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy and was under a vow, and the story was repeated so often that finally nearly every one ended by accepting it as a satisfactory explanation. Indeed, it grew to be a favorite topic of conversation to many, among others to Mrs. Plympton, who held forth at length to any auditor whom she might happen to secure among the summer boarders.

"You would never have suspected him of ritualistic tendencies, my dear," she usually said in conclusion, "and you know how our dear Bishop disapproves of such things, but I know it for a fact. And one thing is certain, since he has been in the ministry he has never even looked at a woman."

The Deserter from the Fight

By May Kendall

YOU know the story of the pass?
Twenty men held it, till the grass
Ran down with blood, and one
By one they dropped down in the place,
And the night covered each still face,
Where was none living, none.

A score of heroes! and one more,
Who was no hero, but before
The fight, forsook his post,
Struck with unutterable dread,
And from that path of death he fled,
And from the conquering host.

. . . . . .

All night they lay there, sleeping on
In the dark ravine; but when lone
The dawn broke in the sky
O'er their great quietness, who kept
So strange a guard, a shadow crept
Out of the wood hard by.

As moving in a dream he drew
Nearer and nearer yet, till through
The silent camp he passed.
Each man had many wounds. He gazed
On eyes unseeing now and glazed,
And knew them to the last.

Then once more sought the wood, and hewed
From a tree fallen there, a rude
High wooden cross with his
Bright sword, and through the blood-stained moss
Drove it, and cut upon the cross:
"God's soldiers." Only this.

And then another cross he wrought,
Shaped yet more roughly, that he brought
Some distance from the slain
And thrust into the soil, and cut
There: "God's deserter." Then he put
A bullet through his brain.

—Songs from Dreamland (Longmans).

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Janet's Awakening

A ROMANCE OF THE SHAKERS

By Belle C. Greene

HIGH up among the hills, as if desirous of getting literally near to Heaven, is perched the Shaker settlement where the scene of our story is laid. It is yet early morning; but the thrifty Community is all astir, and the sounds of labor in mill and workshop can already be heard.

At an open window of one of the buildings known as the women's dormitories stands little Sister Janet. She is very young, not more than sixteen years of age, and her close lace cap and severely simple dress only render more conspicuous the fresh, radiant beauty of her face and the remarkable grace of her figure.

Leaning far out of the window she inhales the morning air luxuriously and looks off upon the familiar landscape, of pine-clad hills and green valleys that stretch away to the great city and the life beyond. A wistful look creeps into her eyes, and she drops her head upon her hand and falls to dreaming. But not for long. The voice of an elder Sister passing her door breaks the spell, and she hastens to put the room to rights before going down to breakfast.

This room of Janet's is a picture. Bare, severely simple, it yet has a quaint, esthetic beauty of its very own. The woodwork is stained a peculiar yellowish tint, the dark floor is polished like glass, and brightened with home-made rugs. The curtains are a marvel, and deserve special mention. They are of white linen, starched very stiffly, and ironed in plaits from top to bottom. They are fastened by brass rings upon a rod, and are allowed to hang straight down, or the plaits are gathered in a mass and looped high up on the side of the casement, over a fixture that resembles a shepherd's crook. These are the regulation curtains throughout the house, and are as much a matter of pride to the Sisters as their caps or shoulder-capes.

A dainty white bed in one corner, a modest toilette-table and a chest of drawers to match, complete the furnishing; no, we must not forget the stove, a little cast-iron affair, about the size and shape of an ordinary loaf of bread, in which no fire is allowed, even in winter, except in case of illness.

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Her room in order at last, Janet hastens down the polished stairway and enters the great dining-room, where she seats herself beside the Sisters, opposite a long row of Brothers.

They breakfast in silence, not a word is being spoken, except it be to the Sisters in waiting, who stand behind the chairs, mute, but alert to serve.

When the meal is finished all go about their respective duties, for there are no drones in the Shaker community.

Sister Janet is a teacher in the school, but this morning when she arose from the table Eldress Rachael laid a hand on her arm to detain her.

"Sister Janet," she said, "one of your friends from the world has come to call upon you. We will go to the sitting-room and see him."

The sitting-room door was wide open, and the young man who stood by the window did not hear the light footfalls of the two women when they entered.

Janet never forgot how Robert Kilton looked that first moment when she saw him standing there, his magnificent blond head and handsome face glorified in the morning sun that streamed in upon him. In truth, he seemed a very different sort of man to the good brethren with whose appearance she was so familiar.

Eldress Rachael cleared her throat suggestively, and their visitor turned toward them, introducing himself with the ready tact of a man of the world.

"You have forgotten me, I see," he said to Janet, smiling. "Perhaps I do not deserve to be remembered, being only a cousin far removed, and not having seen you since you were a very little girl; but I was traveling through the place and could not pass without calling upon you."

The eyes that smiled at him from under the little close cap spoke a warmer welcome than any words could have done, and the two were soon the best of friends. Eldress Rachael herself, he it said, was scarcely behind her younger Sister in yielding to the charm of their visitor's presence and conversation, so that when an hour had passed, and he finally took his leave, both felt that a bright bit of the outside world had come into their lives, and gone all too quickly.

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Janet stood for a moment by the window watching him as he went away down the hill, and suddenly, as if conscious that her eyes were following him, he turned, doffed his hat, and waved a graceful adieu. Then Janet, blushing, trembling, she knew not why, drew back hastily and fled to the schoolroom, where her scholars came swarming around her, claiming her attention.

Odd-looking children these scholars were. The girls had little, old, plain faces, and wore long-sleeved calico aprons, and frocks down to their heels. The boys were still more unattractive, if possible, with their hair cut square across the forehead, and wearing coats and trousers like their elders. They seemed, in truth, both boys and girls, only grotesque caricatures of their grown-up Brethren and Sisters. But such as they were Janet had always loved them, or perhaps the feeling had been only a deep and tender pity, for in her heart she knew that these children were deprived of the real birthright of childhood. She had a far-away but quite distinct recollection of a home life altogether different, which appeared to her now like a Heaven of delight; a home where she had been a pet and a plaything. Visions of gay and dainty dresses, of curls and ornaments, of merry romping games and fascinating toys, once part and parcel of herself, often came to her even now in her dreams. She remembered also, with an exquisite thrill of bliss, being kissed and wept over, and clung to, as if she were some precious thing that must be relinquished—and then her life here began, the life which had thus far been not unhappy, only empty and dull.

But to-day it had been suddenly filled and brightened. Her pleasant interview with Robert Kilton had changed all things. The thought of him, of his words, his smile, filled her with a joyous excitement. She felt that she should never be dull any more; just to remember him was happiness enough. In her innocence she little dreamed that this was but the beginning of a great unrest.

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The next day at noon, when Janet was going from school to the women's workshop to look after some of her scholars' clothes that had been left there for repair, she suddenly came upon Robert Kilton, whom she had supposed to be miles away by this time.

She started consciously at sight of him, for he had been so much in her thoughts that she felt almost as if he appeared now at her summons.

"No doubt you are surprised that I am still here," he began impetuously, stopping in the road before her, "but I could not go till I had seen you again. Tell me where and when can I see you—alone?"

"Alone!" she repeated, drawing herself up with a pretty assumption of dignity. "That would not be permitted here; it is contrary to our customs."

"But I must. I have that to say to you which concerns the life and happiness of us both!" he argued.

"How can that be?" she asked wonderingly, but she hastened to add, "I cannot stand here with you; if you indeed wish to see me again, come to the house as you did before. I—we—have no secrets——"

"No secrets! Ah, have we not?" he repeated, his dark eyes seeming to pierce and read her very soul.

She looked up at the old clock in the tower. One moment and it would toll the dinner hour and the whole Community would see them together, if they had not already.

"Do not detain me longer, I beg," she entreated. "I cannot, must not stay!"

"Go, go then! But tell me first, will you be glad to have me come?—tell me—one little word!"

"Yea, yea! I shall be glad!" she murmured. "But, oh, I fear me I ought not to say so!" And she quickly sped away.

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Robert Kilton stayed on in the little village at the foot of the hill, managing, upon one pretext or another, to visit the Shaker Community often and to see Janet.

One day his errand was to order socks and mittens made for his winter wear (the humor of the idea amusing him exceedingly); at another time it was to procure a remedy of

their manufacture of whose rare virtue he had heard; and finally, at his wits' end for expedients, and having by this time won the confidence and good-will of all the simple-minded guardians of the house, he begged permission to bring his camera and photograph bits of the interior—the halls with their tiny-paned windows and quaint furnishings of high-backed settees and huge desks; the beautifully carved staircases, each having a tall old clock standing guard at its head; the dining-room with its long white tables, over each of which depended strange balloon-like ornaments cut in paper by the Sisters, and named mysteriously, "air castles."

These visits, though affording occasional opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance of his new-found distant cousin, were far from satisfactory, but they served to deepen the impression she had made, and to render him even more determined to win her for his wife before he went away.

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The old burying-ground was a deserted spot. The neglected graves were overgrown with weeds and tangled vines. Among the Shakers, headstones only occasionally mark the resting-places of the dead, sometimes not even a mound is raised. Dust once given to dust rests in undisturbed repose. The Shakers never came here to weep beside their buried loves. But in the spring of the year in which our story opens a little girl had died; she was one of Sister Janet's brightest scholars and a favorite with all the Community. Her grave Janet by special permission had undertaken to make beautiful. She had covered it with sods of grass, which she had kept fresh and green by watering. She had also transplanted several of the choicest plants from her own garden, so that the spot was now bright and fragrant, a striking contrast to the other graves around. Here Robert Kilton found her one afternoon, coming upon her as he was returning from a tramp up the mountain.

He stood some moments leaning on the wall watching her before she was aware of his presence. When he drew nearer and spoke her name, "Janet!" she turned quickly, a flush of unmistakable joy in her face.

She had a watering-pot in her hand, and her little bonnet hung by its strings down her back. Her golden hair lay in fascinating disorderly rings upon her moist forehead, and her face was as radiant and rosy as that of a floral goddess. The young man thought he had never seen anything half so lovely.

"What! you here?" she asked smiling. "I thought, perhaps, that you had left the town——"

"Oh!" he interrupted reproachfully, "you knew I could not go without seeing—without speaking to you of what is in my heart! and fate is kind at last!"

She looked embarrassed, and began hastily gathering up her belongings.

"It is nearly sunset; I must return."

He took off his hat, and threw himself down under a tree.

"Oh! but I am tired and thirsty!" he exclaimed. "I would give a good deal for a drink of water," looking askance at the empty watering-pot.

"Thirsty!" she cried out impulsively. "How glad I am I can relieve you! Wait a moment and I will bring you some water!"

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She ran swiftly to a little spring that lay hidden away among the bushes a few rods distant, and as swiftly returned with her watering-pot full of pure, cool water.

"I wish I had a cup to offer you," she said apologetically, "but I made this as clean as possible, and it is new and bright." He took it gratefully, and drank a long, deep draught.

"That is good," he said, "but sit down a moment and rest; you must be tired."

"Oh, no! I am not tired, and I must be going," she answered.

He rose up and stood leaning against the tree, holding his hat in his hand.

"Well," he said, as if acquiescing, though reluctantly, "but tell me first, have you thought of me a little since you last saw me?" His eyes, half laughing, half tender, looked straight into her own, and she answered:

"Yes, I have thought of you," then dropped her eyes and, setting the watering-pot on the ground, she began nervously to arrange her bonnet-strings.

Her manner, and the sweet admission of her words, gave him hope.

"Janet!" he cried eagerly, "I must speak out now, and you must listen. I love you; I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. Oh, Janet, try to understand!"

He stood still and waited, watching her face. She turned pale visibly. These were such strange words; and yet were they so strange, after all? Had she not already heard and responded to something of their meaning in her forbidden dreams?

He seemed to read her thoughts.

"Have you never longed for a closer, dearer friendship than these Brothers and Sisters can give you?" he asked. "Have you never dreamed of love, of what it would be? Oh, Janet!" as she averted her face, "do you not know what love is?"

He ventured to take her hands and draw her nearer, his eyes seeking hers.

At the touch of his hand, the first man's hand that had thus clasped hers, the door of Janet's soul flew open, and love no longer knocked without. She knew love.

Unconsciously she leaned against him, faint and dizzy from ecstasy—or was it pain?

"Love!" she murmured. "Oh, I ought not to think of it, much less speak of it!" Then wrenching away, a look of horror on her face, "Let me go! Oh, I must go!"

But he detained her with gentle force. "I cannot let you go—I will not—till you tell me what I must know. Tell me, I implore you, Janet, and think well before you speak. Could you ever love me enough to give yourself to me—to be my wife?"

To his surprise she drew herself up and answered with something like composure:

"You forget how we are taught to look upon marriage here. Virgin, not wife, is our ideal woman. To propose marriage to a Shakeress is almost to insult her."

He smiled gravely and shook his head.

"That is what you have been taught," he said, "but you do not believe it. You do not feel the offer of my love to be an insult; your heart tells you, and tells you truly, that love such as mine for you is the crown and glory of woman's life.

"Not that I have a word to say against the faith in which you have been reared," he continued, "but can it be that the Shakers alone, of all the world, think and live rightly? They are but a handful; is the great world wrong? But let the Shakers rest; they are suited in their religion and in their social life—we will hope they are content. You, Janet, are not content; you are no Shakeress at heart, certainly not in appearance. Why, here you are like some fragrant flower among a garden of weeds. Youth, beauty, an impassioned nature are yours. You are eminently fitted to enjoy life and love in their fullest, highest sense."

She looked at him dumbly, she dared not speak. It was all so new, so bewildering.

"Forgive me if I seem cruel," he pleaded, "but I assure you if I did not think it to be for your highest happiness I would never speak so to you."

"You say too much about happiness!" she burst out impatiently. "What is my happiness, what is yours, what are both together compared to the great object of life!"

"Very well, let us be miserable then," he said seriously, "only let us be together."

She saw that he was laughing at her, and, like the child she was, resented it.

"You can join the Shakers, I suppose," she remarked demurely, "then I shall love you, we shall love each other. I love Elder Jonas and Brother Sanders, and all the rest, and they love me. Join us." She repeated.

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"I join the Shakers!" He threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" he gasped at last, holding on to his sides as he met Janet's half-angry glance, "but in all respect to Brother Sanders and the rest, do you think I would make a good Shaker?"

She frowned severely and shook her head.

"Nay, nay, I do not," she said.

"No, and why?" he asked, a little piqued by her manner.

She eyed him critically from the top of his handsome head to the toe of his fashionable boot, and laughed aloud.

"Oh!" he said, with an air of chagrin, "am I to infer that you disapprove my—my personal appearance? You prefer Brother Adoniram, perhaps?"

She clasped her little hands in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Oh, oh!" she cried hysterically, "you have seen him, then! You know Brother Adoniram! Is he not droll? Why, I can never even look at him without laughing; and Mother Rachael says it is a shame and sin for me, because he is so good. But I cannot help it, I cannot!" going off into another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"But, now, how is this?" he asked, whimsically, "you laugh at me because I would not make a good Shaker, and you laugh at Brother Adoniram, who is, you say, an excellent Shaker. Tell me, are you not inconsistent?"

"Yea, I am, I am indeed!" she agreed, nodding her bright head merrily.

She had forgotten everything in her momentary happiness, and he would gladly have prolonged it, but he began to realize that it was growing late, and he must not detain her much longer.

"Janet," he said, with sudden seriousness, pointing to the sinking sun, "I fear we must part—for to-day—and I ask you once more, can you, will you, love me and be my wife?"

The revulsion of feeling was painful. She turned upon him in a sort of desperation.

"I do not know what to answer," she cried, her eyes dark with misery. "I only know that if you leave me the remainder of my life will be but a memory—of this hour with you. I—I—oh, what shall I do!"

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She leaned against the tree and closed her eyes in mute agony.

"Janet," he said softly, "you love me. This is love. You spoke of my leaving you," he continued, "but those who love each other so should never part. Come with me to my mother; she will receive you and love you as a daughter."

The words "mother," and "daughter," seemed to break the spell and recall Janet's senses. She drew away her hand.

"Oh, how could I for one moment forget!" she groaned remorsefully. "Speak not to me of another mother! I have Mother Rachael—and I should break her heart. Nay, nay! I will not go! I will do nothing without her consent, and I know she would never let me leave her to go with you—a—a stranger."

"Forgive me that word," she added gently, "it sounds so ungrateful after the kindness you have shown me; but I have been very wicked, very foolish. It only remains for us to part; forget this day and each other."

"Forget you, after you have confessed that you love me! Ah, Janet, you little know men. You are mine, and I shall hold you. Sooner or later you must yield to me."

But for the time the spell was broken. Janet lifted her head and said with spirit:

"I must? Nay, but I will not. Rather, I must school my wayward heart to rest content where duty keeps me. Let me explain: No ordinary love and duty bind me here. I am Mother Rachael's dearest, best beloved of all the Sisters. I am her child. When I am ill she watches over me with a mother's tenderness; in trouble she carries me on her heart; her sweetness and strength have been my happiness and support always. Oh, you cannot know what a grand woman she is! And shall I forsake her for the friend of a day? Nay, nay! Go, and let me try to forget you." She turned from him with a gesture of farewell.

"I see that I have been rash," he said sadly. "I should have given you time—I will give you time, not to forget me, but rather to learn what love is, and how powerless we are to resist it. And now, since you desire it, I will leave you."

He uncovered his head as he spoke, bowed low before her, and with one adoring glance left her standing there, white and motionless, in the shadow of the great tree, her bright young head drooping forward on her breast like a flower with a broken stem.

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And Janet went back again to the old life, but she was changed. A strange feeling of restlessness and discontent seemed to have come upon her, and she could not throw it off, struggle as she might.

The simple duties and pleasures of the little Community had suddenly become very irksome and altogether unsatisfactory.

New desires, new instincts took possession of her being and tormented her. No longer content with reading the books allowed her in the library, she searched in out-of-the-way places for stray newspapers and books that told of the world, of society and love, seeking thus to satisfy the craving that was mastering her.

One day Eldress Rachael, entering Janet's room suddenly, found her reading an old newspaper that had been brought from the village store wrapped around some parcel of goods. She had that moment finished a rather sensational story of two lovers, their unhappy love, and tragic death in each others' arms. Its effect upon her had been wonderful, and her face, as she turned toward her visitor, wore an expression of exaltation far surpassing any fervor of religious emotion she had ever seen upon it.

Without a word Janet handed the paper to the Eldress, who scanned its contents, and laying it down looked at her with a great pang of dread and fear at her heart.

Then Janet, weeping, threw herself at her friend's feet, crying out passionately:

"Oh! mother, Mother Rachael! I am so miserable! what shall I do? Tell me what I am to do! I cannot bear it longer!"

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And the woman who, for a score of years, had chosen to know not love, save in its higher, spiritual sense, took this child of earth in her arms and listened to all her story. Janet told her of the interview with Robert Kilton in the burying-ground, and of the change in her nature since first she saw and learned to love him.

"And oh!" she said in conclusion, "if you knew how I have fought against my fate, how I have tried to keep on in the old, calm ways, you would not judge me harshly! Am I to blame? I did not go out to seek love; it came to me here. Who shall say but that God Himself sent it! He made me as I am, a woman, not a saint, like you and the other Sisters. Your hearts are in Heaven, I know; mine, alas! is here!" Clasping her hands over her throbbing bosom: "And since I am made so, how can it be wicked for me to love him with my whole soul?"

"If not wicked, is it not unwise, child?" asked Mother Rachael sadly. "Tell me, has it not brought you thus far more pain than happiness?" She looked into the young girl's face, her own strangely agitated, moved, perhaps, by some haunting memory of her own heart's struggle.

"More pain than happiness?" repeated Janet drearily. "Nay, I cannot say; only this I know, that when he was with me I was happy, and now I suffer, suffer! Oh!" she continued, with a searching look of appeal into the elder woman's face. "Oh, you yourself must have felt—you surely understand ——"

"Nay, nay," interrupted Eldress Rachael coldly. "You said aright a moment ago; my heart is, I trust, in Heaven. I have little sympathy with this weakness of yours. But it is not fitting to prolong such converse. I will make your case the subject of my prayers, and pray yourself, child, pray!" she added earnestly, as she rose to go.

But Janet seized her hand. "Stay! dear mother!" she pleaded, "I must tell you more. It is not love alone that has changed me. I have often felt of late that I am not fitted for this place, this life.

"You will remember a year ago I went to the city with you to sell our work and buy supplies. Being pressed for time, you sent me alone to deliver some socks at a house not far from the store where you were trading. As I approached that house I heard sounds of music and dancing, and from where I stood waiting on the steps I could look within. It was a home. All was beautiful, warm and bright, and the music stirred my soul. Two young girls and two young men were dancing. One of the girls had hair like mine, I noticed, and she wore a white dress with a great bunch of red roses in her bosom. I noticed, too, that her feet were small and her shoes pretty.

"My first ring was not heard through all the music and laughter, so I had plenty of time for observation. The two young men were very handsome, and they certainly did not look wicked, but oh, so happy and gay, and I thought, 'why are our young people never so? Only cattle in our pastures are allowed to be frisky and gay,' and I wished that it were different with us, my mother.

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"When I came away from that house I was a different girl, and I began to be curious about many things to which I had never given a thought before. I have often felt disturbed and restless; I have had strange dreams and yearnings, but believe me, I loved you always, always! and for your sake I strove to put them all away. Then he came and woke my soul to love, and these vague thoughts and impulses took on more definite shape. Oh! Mother Rachael, I find I am no saint, only a woman, and all my struggling is in vain. Though my body lingers here with you, my spirit roves far away to the great world outside. Mother Rachael, let me go! Let me go!" she repeated. "Let me follow my heart and soul down and away; across the valleys and over the hills, out into the world beyond."

For one moment the Eldress bowed her head in silent anguish; perhaps she prayed.

"Child," she said at length, tremulously, "child, it may be the will of God that you go. We will see. Meanwhile, pray! pray as you never prayed, that He will give you light to choose the right."

She took Janet for one moment in her arms, and then left her; poor Janet, who scarce knew whether to weep or rejoice.

Two weary months dragged by, and at last one morning Eldress Rachael came to Janet and said: "Child, Robert Kilton is here. He is come with my permission. Follow me, and I will take you to him."

Janet started up with a cry of delight and walked toward the door, then turned and fell on her knees before Eldress Rachael.

"Forgive me, my mother, my more than mother!" she cried remorsefully. "I am not ungrateful, oh believe me! I do love you—better than all the world—except him! Forgive me!"

The Eldress stooped and gathered her to her breast.

"My child, my dear one!" she murmured brokenly, "you say well; I am indeed your more than mother, for lo! have I not struggled with throes of more than mortal agony to bring you forth into the heavenly light. Yes, you are mine, my own, my best beloved one! Would to God I could keep you—but His holy will be done!"

"Say no more! I will never leave you!" sobbed Janet passionately. "Come! let us go quickly and tell him so!"

"Hush, child! you know not what you say," returned the Eldress with an effort at composure, "and do not weep so. Doubtless I shall find comfort. Indeed," with a tender smile, "to know that you are happy will be no insufficient return for my sacrifice."

Janet never forgot that glimpse into the heart of her Shaker mother, that heart at once so strong and loving, and so unselfish.

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The meeting between the two lovers was a quiet, almost solemn one. After exchanging greetings they remained standing before the Eldress, who bowed her head a moment in silent prayer, then turning to Robert Kilton addressed him in these words:

"Young man, since receiving your letters in reference to Sister Janet, expressing the desire to unite yourself with her in marriage after the manner of the world, we have endeavored to find out the will of God in the matter; also, we have made it our duty to inquire into your life and character. We find nothing amiss in you. That you are not a Shaker may be the fault of circumstances," she added with a grim smile, "all are not among the elect."

Then with a tender grace she placed Janet's hand in his and said: "In this Community we neither marry nor are given in marriage; but as it seems to be the will of God, I give this girl, this child of my heart, into your care and keeping, and as you fulfill the trust, so be it unto you."

She raised her hand in silent benediction above the two bowed heads, and thus their love was sanctioned and their lives made whole. They were one for all time.

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* * *

Our Tardy Coast Defenses

OUR defenseless condition has for years been well known, and we have shut our eyes to the fact, but the serious aspect assumed lately by the Cuban question has forced us to awaken to our neglect, says Lieutenant Wirt Robinson, in Collier's Weekly. It would, therefore, be not inopportune if we should glance at some sides of the problem.

First, the optimist maintains that we are a peaceful nation and have no need of warlike preparations. Facts do not bear this out. Since the Declaration of Independence we have had four wars—one in every thirty years—and have spent one-seventh of our existence as an independence nation in a state of war—one day in every week for one hundred and twenty years. In the Civil War alone we lost more men in battle than has England in all her wars since the time of William the Conqueror.

Again, he will urge that it will be time enough to fortify when war has been declared. This hardly needs refutation. In the last one hundred years there are but three cases in which a formal declaration of war preceded hostilities; on the other hand, there are fifty-three recorded instances where hostilities were begun by a European nation without previous declaration. Furthermore, modern wars are short and sharp. The average duration of the five great European wars from 1859 to 1870, from the declaration of war to the striking of the decisive blow, was but seven weeks. When it is remembered that our largest guns require now about three years to complete, the folly of deferring preparation to the last minute is evident.

It is true that our last war lasted four years, during which there were put into the field, from North and South together, some 4,000,000 men; but this should furnish no criterion, since, so far as preparation, or rather lack of preparation, went the two sides were equal.

There is another class who object to present expenditures for fortifications, on the ground that such works are in a transition stage and consequently might become obsolete ten or twelve years hence. Such reasoning would be the death-blow to all human progress. He who never buys this year's bicycle, because next year's will be so much improved, continues to trudge along on foot as did his primitive ancestors.

* * *

Why Bonds Go Down

GOVERNMENT bonds have fallen somewhat since the Maine disaster, but this does not mean that the public supposes the United States would be beaten in a war with Spain, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Neither does it mean that the Government's credit is lowered. One of the things it means is that many investors believe a war would bring such a demand for money that a higher rate of interest for it could be had than Government bonds provide. Hence there is a disposition, on the part of many holders of bonds, to sell in order to be prepared to take advantage of the expected urgent demand for money in various enterprises, governmental and other, and to get the higher rate of interest which they look for. This tendency to sell sends bonds down.

* * *

Rapid Growth of Pensions

IN SENDING to Congress a deficiency estimate of $8,070,872 for pensions this year, Secretary Bliss makes an interesting statement on the general subject of pensions up to date. Secretary Bliss says:

On the first day of July, 1897, there was available $140,000,000 for the payment of Army and Navy pensions; $4,000,000 of that amount was set apart for Navy pensions, leaving $136,000,000 for payment of Army pensions. The total number of pensioners on the roll June 30, 1897, was 976,014, while on February 28, 1898, there were 989,613 on the roll, a net increase of 13,599. The Commissioner of Pensions estimates that $48,700,000 is to be required for the payment of pensions during the remaining four months of the fiscal year; more than $8,000,000 in excess of the unexpended appropriation. The Commissioner has, very recently, expressed to me an opinion as to the future course of pension payments at variance with his views thereon, as stated in the annual report, which was to the effect that after the close of the current year payments would rapidly decline. It is now his opinion that, in view of the increase in the number of applications for original pensions and for increase of pensions, there will be an increase in the sum required for the payment of Army and Navy pensions for some time to come.

In this connection the appended table, showing the number of pensioners on the roll and the value of the roll annually since 1887, is significant. From this it appears that the pension roll has substantially doubled since a quarter of a century after the close of the war. In 1890, twenty-five years after the war closed, the number of pensioners on the roll was 537,944. At the close of the current fiscal year the number on the roll will approximate 996,000, an increase of nearly 90 per cent. since 1890. In that time the value of the roll has increased from $72,052,143.49 in 1890 to approximately $132,000,000 in the present fiscal year. The roll is now larger than at any former time, notwithstanding that thirty-three years have elapsed since the cessation of hostilities. It contained about 5,500 more pensioners in 1897 than it did in 1896, and approximately 20,000 more in 1898 than in 1897, and the value of the roll has also largely increased in the same period.

* * *

Our New American Battleships

THE design of the three new battleships, one of which is to be called Maine, is extremely interesting from its development out of the American idea, and its approximation to the highest type of British battleship, says the Commercial Advertiser. For the first time we have abandoned wholly the peculiar American idea of balanced secondary turrets for eight-inch guns, carried high on the superstructure above a low freeboard. This made our earlier ships more topheavy than any European Power would dare venture, though they may be safe enough for coast cruising, which is their main function. But our naval constructors have been doubtful about the safety of this excess of weight carried high and on the sides of ships, and, in the Kearsarge class, the secondary turrets were reduced to two, and superimposed on the great gun turrets on the median line. This was a pure experiment, which will not be repeated until after actual test has been made.

In the three new ships, which will undoubtedly be called the Maine class, there are no secondary turrets, and the eight eight-inch guns are disposed alternately with twelve six-inch rapid-fire guns along the sides of the armored superstructure, like the smaller guns of the Iowa. This arrangement will give a tremendous broadside fire, and this is the great thing for a battleship which has no speed either to chase or flee, and has less use for fore-and-aft fire. The reduction of weight carried high will make the new battleships more seaworthy, in all circumstances, than any now in our navy.

* * *

Denmark's West Indian Islands

MORE than thirty years ago, in 1867, says the Philadelphia Record, Secretary of State Seward negotiated a treaty arrangement with Denmark for the purchase, at a cost of $7,500,000, of the Islands of St. Thomas and St. John, lying directly to the eastward of the Spanish Island of Puerto Rico. The Civil War was over, and, in the rush of revived trade, there were confident anticipations of a vast maritime commerce with the West Indies and South America.

A naval and coaling station, near the eastern verge of the Antilles, was the object which Secretary Seward had in view in his negotiations with the Danish Government, which at that time was sadly in need of money, and was anxious to sell the islands. But the Senate refused to ratify the treaty, after a somewhat extended debate, and the project fell to the ground. It has now been formally renewed in the reporting, from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of a bill to provide for the purchase by the President of any or all of the Danish insular possessions in the West Indies.

This measure, judging from its source and the time of its introduction, might be fairly regarded as an effort in the direction of additional war preparations. We have an excellent coaling station on the Bay of Samana, Haiti, but no territorial rights there; nor is there anywhere near the Caribbean Sea a harbor to be compared with that of Charlotte Amalie, on the Island of St. Thomas. A nation bent upon maritime war, with West Indian waters as the scene of conflict, would find the Island of St. Thomas a valuable possession.

The Senate could find little or nothing, thirty years ago, in the pretended advantages of a naval station a thousand miles from our own coast, and necessitating heavy expenditures for its fortification and maintenance; and, under existing conditions of modern naval warfare, Key West and the Dry Tortugas furnish entirely adequate bases for naval operations of offense and defense in that quarter.

But the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations apparently entertains the opinion that the proposed acquisition of the Danish West Indian Islands is on all fours with the purchase of a foreign cruiser, or of a stack of rapid-fire guns of foreign manufacture. This is not so; since in buying fresh territory a nation buys also an increase of population, and resulting increased responsibilities. The country is now large enough, in all conscience; and to enter upon a policy of absorption of outlying islands, upon any pretext whatsoever, would be to depart from the safe and patriotic policy of the founders of the Republic, and to admit the nose of the Jingo camel into the peaceful American tent.

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A Bright Comet Discovered

THE recent announcement of the discovery of a "bright comet" by Mr. Perrine, of the famous Lick Observatory, at Mt. Hamilton, California, has created no little stir among both professional and amateur astronomers, for "bright" comets have been exceedingly rare for several years, says the Public Ledger. However, as the magnitude of the visitor was stated as the seventh, and stars of the sixth magnitude are the faintest which can be discerned on a clear, moonless night, it is evident that the term "bright" has reference to its appearance in the field of a telescope. Some telescopic comets are extremely disappointing, because they lack the majestic features which invest typical sky-pilgrims with such fascination. All comets possess a coma, or nebulosity, to which is due their designation of "hairy stars"; but the bright star-like "nucleus" is often wanting, appearing when the wanderer approaches the sun. The streaming tail (ever directed from the sun) is a common but not a universal appendage.

"Comet A, 1898, Perrine," as the present visitor from outer space will be known, exhibits a bright nucleus and a shapely train a degree in length. It is a miniature facsimile of the gorgeous comet sometimes visible. Computations made at the University of California seem to indicate that it is moving earthward at the rate of one million miles per day, and that it will become brighter and remain visible for some time to come. Doubtless we shall soon have an approximation of its dimensions, distance and orbital period, if its sweep is such as ever to bring it back to the sun. Its "elements," as first computed at the Lick Observatory, place its distance from both sun and earth as one hundred million miles, and infer that it has already passed "perihelion," the point which is nearest the sun.

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Repression in Our Daily Life

THE wisdom and unwisdom of self-repression is carefully weighed by Mary E. Baldwin, in a paper on Safety-Valves in Home Life, in which she contends that a high-pressure life calls for some protective measures, and the woman who engages mind and heart in her purpose, even though she may not be classed among public workers, instinctively seeks her safety-valves. These are peculiar to her individuality, and suit, as she imagines, her needs; but sometimes they are not chosen wisely, and are overused.

The intense nature, with the greatest need for letting off steam, is the one who will make the mistake in this direction. The home of such a woman is often a place where tragedy is frequently enacted. Her nervous system, wrought up to a point bordering upon frenzy, her mental and physical energies following its lead, there comes a moment when the strain must be relieved or mind and body will both give way.

It is not an easy thing to acquire the habit of withholding the worst from the dearest friend, and showing him only the best; but it is possible when the heart is right and the purpose has even a germ of strength. One brave, gentle woman confided to a friend her experience in trying to relieve the tension of mind and spirit without giving discomfort to those whom she loved. Her piano became her abiding friend whenever she felt the need of letting herself down from a too highly strung condition. She played off her feelings and gradually became calm. The woman with mental resources, and with wise discrimination, will learn to choose her safety-valves with reference to the comfort and peace of the home, and will thus find a gain in self-respect and in strength of will.

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Growth in German Despotism

THE passage of the naval bill in the German Reichstag recently without any opposition, in spite of all the former mutterings and protests, shows how completely the Emperor's "mailed fist" policy has triumphed, says the New York Evening Post. The scanty support given to the attempt to honor the memory of the men who fell in the insurrection of 1848, and the presence of several of these men and of their sons in the Conservative ranks, in some cases as agents of William's absolutist policy, is a striking illustration of the way Germany has fallen away from the Liberal ranks.

Fifty years ago Germany was abreast of France as a supporter of liberal political ideas; to-day she apparently cares nothing about them. She is so enchanted with the new money-making régime which has come in with the Empire, that she cares not for the old gods she once adored, and sees their statues overthrown and burned with the utmost equanimity. "More markets" is now the cry, instead of "more liberties." This seems the inevitable consequence of the militia system established by Bismarck. The whole youth of a country cannot be put under arms without enormously strengthening the principle of authority, and discrediting discussion, and rendering the bulk of the population less fit for the conduct of a democratic government.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten how much liberal institutions have been discredited in sober German eyes by the career run by democracy in France, here, and in Austria. The corruption, the disappearance of leading men, the rise of the "bosses," the fights in legislative assemblies, the absurdities promulgated in wild waves of passion, have turned the German hearts perceptibly toward the monarchical régime as the surest, the safest and the most money-making. "Consecrated persons" are again on top, a century after "divine right" became ridiculous. The "mailed fist" has triumphed.

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The Disruption of China

CHINA is threatened with disruption, both from within and from without, and the growing dissatisfaction of her more or less peaceful subjects is largely due to the increased taxation on trade—that is, on the food, clothing, and few luxuries of the people, and what they manufacture and produce for export, says a writer in The Nineteenth Century. Owing to the present multiplication of tax stations and the squeezes and peculation of the horde of taxgatherers, not one-third of what is wrung out of the people enters the Treasury.

The Manchu dynasty has never been popular, but, as long as the main body of the Chinese are not oppressed or unduly interfered with, they care very little who rules them, though broken men, and the dregs of society from which the soldiery are drawn, look forward to eras of lawlessness to enrich themselves at the expense of the general law-abiding population. Consul Oxenham, in describing the peasantry in his report on the trade of Chinkiang for 1887, after stating that the Chinese peasant farmer pays a rent averaging twenty-eight shillings an acre, went on to say:

"He is contented, cheerful, and courteous, and lavishes his attention and money upon his fields, where you see the results of neatness, care, industry, and thrift. The garden-like neatness of the cultivation, the unceasing labor, the extraordinary productiveness of the land, caused chiefly by laborious manuring, and the excellence of the crops, bear testimony to the sterling qualities of the people. Their cheerfulness and courtesy prove their content, though their clothes, houses, and implements are, to our ideas, dirty, mean, and rude. These defects are things which railways and increased trade will remedy."

The great majority of the population of China is of this class, living closely up to their means and having little to spare. Extra taxation must necessarily be extremely burdensome to them, and if raised to an excessive extent must turn their comparative comfort into indigence and their content into dissatisfaction. Men, thus rendered hopeless and malcontent, are naturally apt to throw their lot in with and strengthen the disloyal secret societies which exist there.

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Syndicating Our Unhappiness

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, who has said so many wise things about the religious life, has said few better things than that "society is an arrangement for producing and sustaining human happiness, and temper is an agent for thwarting and destroying it." This suggests the fundamental viciousness of all kinds of bad temper: it is essentially unsocial. It is not only excessively disagreeable to those who are subject to it, and exceedingly unattractive in those who possess it, but it is also a disintegrating force. It breaks the human bond, dissipates the charm of human intercourse, and for the time being makes society impossible. If all men, at all times, were as ill-tempered as are some men, at some times, society would be impossible.

There surely can be no personal charm so great as the charm of a cheerful and happy temperament, and it is a great error to suppose that this comes entirely by nature; it comes quite as much by culture. It is just as great an error to take it for granted that ill temper is a quality of Nature which cannot be overcome. This is not only untrue, but society has a right to say to every member, "You have no right to indulge in ill temper; you not only owe it to yourself, but to us, to govern your temper." To treat one's fellows with habitual consideration and courtesy is not to exhibit what is sometimes called an easy-going good nature; it is, on the contrary, to disclose one of the highest qualities of character; for the spirit and attitude which make this treatment of one's fellows possible is not only temperamental, it is also spiritual. Many of the most agreeable men are those who, if they allow their nature to have its own way, would be counted among the most trying and difficult. There is no excuse, therefore, for that unsocial spirit which is so constantly palliated because people charge it to inheritance, or natural quality, instead of regarding is as the evidence of a neglect of primary education and of the duty we owe others.

Looking Forward to the World's Future

By Rennell Rodd

TURN, turn from the cave's dark hollow! look up to the light and see,
Though thine eyes be dazed in the glory, the man is yet to be!

Time's wings are at pause beside him, and calm is his heart's strong beat,
And the dust of these old dominions is flowerful round his feet.

Exult, we have won the midway, and the light has scared the gloom,
And we smile at the old, sad sentence, we are freed from the endless doom.

Not heirs of a forfeit Godhead, degenerate, waning away,
But climbling, and all too slowly, from darkness into day.

There is light in my eyes of dawning, of a fair world weary of sleep—
I see the new-peopling islands, dominions over the deep,

Away to the ancient forest, and the wilds that are yet unwon,
Where the envious growth of creepers goes rivaling up to the sun;

Where the streams of the Orient land roll out through their gates of gold,
When the dizziest mountain summits were shrines of the faiths of old,

Where the well of the desert waters gives life to the lonely tree,
Where the tent of the turbaned nomad is set by the inland sea.

From the zone of the torrid summers to the uttermost ways of snow,
From the inland-men to the island-men, shall the greeting of good-will go;

Peace, peace on the earth forever, and we all forgotten so long,
But the air that they breathe is holy because of our sighs and song.

And their maids shall be pure as morning, their youth shall be taught no lie,
But the way shall be smooth and open for all men under the sky;

They will build their new romances, new dreams of a world to be,
Conceive a sublimer outcome than the end of the world we see.

And the shadow shall pass we dwell in, till under the self-same sun
The names of the myriad nations are writ in the name of one.

—The Nationalist.

When Buffaloes Roamed in Herds

HUNTING IN THE FAR WEST

By Colonel Wm. F. Cody

THERE is no longer any buffalo-hunting in the Far West, but plenty of other wild game can be found there to attract the attention of the ardent and daring sportsman. Although the buffaloes are about extinct, it will not be uninteresting to say something about that species of hunting.

Buffaloes were very plentiful about fifteen years ago. I remember that soon after I was appointed, by General Sheridan, Chief of Scouts and guide against the Dog-Soldier Indians (a band of unruly Cheyennes), the Colonel of the regiment asked me to go out and kill some buffaloes. I told him I would do so at once, and asked him to send along a wagon or two to bring in the meat. He replied: "I am not in the habit of sending out my wagons until I know there is something to be hauled in; kill your buffaloes first, and then I'll send out the wagons." I said no more, but went out on a hunt, and, in a short time, returned and asked the Colonel to send out his wagons for the half-dozen buffaloes I had killed. The next afternoon the Colonel again requested me to go out and get some fresh buffalo meat. Without asking him for any wagons, I rode out some distance, and, coming up with a small herd, I managed to get seven of them headed straight for the encampment, and, instead of shooting them just then, I ran them at full speed right into the camp, and then killed them all, one after the other, in rapid succession.

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The Colonel interrupted the proceeding, which puzzled him somewhat, as he could see no reason why I had not killed them on the prairie. He came up to me, and, with some spirit, demanded an explanation. "I can't allow any such business as this, Cody," said he. "What do you mean by it?" I answered: "I didn't care about asking for any wagons this time, Colonel, so I thought I would make the buffaloes furnish their own transportation!" The Colonel saw the point of the remark and had no more to say on the subject.

One of the most exciting scenes in connection with hunting the buffalo was a "buffalo stampede." I recall an exciting incident of this kind. It was while I was traveling across the plains with a bull-train outfit, carrying supplies for Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson's army that was sent against the Mormons. A train consisted of twenty-five wagons, all in charge of one man who was known as the wagon-master. The second man in command was called the assistant wagon-master. There was an extra hand, the night herder, and the cavallard driver, whose duty it was to drive the lame and loose cattle. The whole train was denominated "a bull outfit." Everything at that time was called an outfit.

When the train struck the South Platte River we found the country alive with buffaloes. Vast herds of these monarchs of the plains were roaming all around us, and we lay over one day for a grand hunt. The next day we pulled out of camp, and the train was strung out a considerable length along the road which ran near the foot of the sand-hills, two miles from the river. Between the road and the river we saw a large herd of buffaloes grazing quietly; they had been down to the stream for a drink. At the same time we observed a party of returning Californians coming from the West. They, too, noticed the buffalo herd, and in another moment they were dashing down upon them with terrific speed.

The buffalo herd stampeded at once, and broke down the hills. So hotly were they pursued by the hunters that several hundreds of them rushed through our train pell-mell, frightening both men and oxen. Some of the wagons were turned clear around, and many of the terrified oxen attempted to run to the hills with the heavy wagons attached to them. Others turned around so short that they broke the wagon-tongues off. Nearly all the teams got entangled in their gearing and became wild and unruly, so that the perplexed drivers were unable to manage them. The buffaloes, the wagons and the drivers were soon running in every direction, and there was certainly no lack of excitement. Many of the cattle broke their yokes and stampeded. One big buffalo bull became entangled in one of the heavy wagon-chains. In his desperate efforts to free himself he not only snapped the strong chain in two, but broke the ox-yoke to which it was attached, and the last seen of him he was running toward the hills with the yoke hanging from his horns. A dozen other equally remarkable incidents happened during the short time that the frantic buffaloes were playing havoc with our train. When they got through and left us our outfit was badly crippled and scattered.

Although, as I have said, buffalo-hunting is now a thing of the past, I feel that these references to the subject will not be without interest, because they refer to a phase of American hunting life which will never be forgotten. In a letter I received from Gen. W. T. Sherman, some years ago, he speaks thus of the disappearance of the buffalo:

"As near as I can estimate, there were in 1865 about nine million five hundred thousand buffaloes on the plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains; all are now gone—killed for their meat, and skins, and bones. This seems like desecration, cruelty and murder, yet they have been replaced by twice as many meat cattle. At that date there were about one hundred and sixty-five thousand Pawnees, Sioux, Cheyennes, Kiowas and Arapahoes, who depended on these buffaloes for their yearly food. They, too, are gone, and have been replaced by twice or thrice as many white men and women, who have made the earth to blossom as the rose, and who can be counted, taxed and governed by the laws of nature and civilization. This change has been salutary, and will go on to the end."

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The big game now to be found in the Far West are elk, mountain sheep, bear, antelope and moose, the latter being quite scarce. Probably the best big-game hunting will be found on the continental divide of the Rocky Mountains south of National Park. Not only does large game abound, but the mountain streams in this part of the country are literally filled with trout. You can stop almost anywhere along the road, cast your line, and be quickly rewarded with an ample catch.

A competent guide not only can show the party of which he has charge where the big game can be found, but he points out and explains to the visitors the beauties of our great National Park, which, aside from the hunting features of the expedition, will well repay a visit. I think many more parties from the East would go on big-game hunting and sight-seeing trips, in this most beautiful part of our country, if they knew that there were competent guides who would save them a vast amount of trouble in preparing for the rougher part of the journey and were able, in many ways, to help them enjoy such an outing. The lover of big-game hunting will never come back from such an expedition disappointed. If he is inclined to go out "loaded for bear" he can find all the excitement he wants in the pursuit of bruin, while the hunting of the mountain sheep furnishes most excellent and adventurous sport.

The natural beauty and sporting resources of the Far Western country have been recognized by the many distinguished persons I have had the honor of conducting. Post McPherson was once the centre of a fine game country in which buffaloes were particularly plentiful. Although it was fairly surrounded by hostile Indians, it offered so many attractions for sportsmen that several hunting parties braved the dangers for the pleasure of buffalo-chasing. When General Sheridan was in command here he brought a number of friends out to the post for a grand hunt, coming by way of North Platte in a special car, and thence by Government wagons to the Post, which was only eighteen miles from the station. The party were met at the station by General Emory and Major Brown, with a cavalry company as escort and a sufficient number of vehicles to carry the distinguished visitors and their baggage. The hunt lasted ten days, and was exceedingly enjoyable to all concerned, each member of the party having had his share of the exciting sport. General Davies afterward wrote an interesting account of the hunt under the appropriate title of Ten Days on the Plains.

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One of the most interesting hunting expeditions was that in which the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, took part. The Duke was very anxious to see the Indians hunt the buffalo. At that time Spotted Tail was the Chief of the Sioux Indians. He and his tribe had permission from the Government to hunt the buffalo during the winter in the Republican River country. I went to the lodge of Spotted Tail, and told him that the warriors and chiefs would greatly please General Sheridan if they would meet him at a certain point on the Red Willow. I told him that there was a great chief from across the water who was coming there to visit him, and, furthermore, that the Indians would be called upon to give a grand war-dance in honor of the distinguished visitor. He replied that he would go, and the next morning he would call his people together and select those who would accompany him.

The expedition was a great success. The Duke, not without some difficulty, shot a buffalo, a feat not so easy to accomplish when riding on a horse at full speed. What pleased him most was to see a famous Indian chief named Two Lance send an arrow entirely through the body of the largest buffalo. The arrow that passed through the buffalo was given to the Duke as a memento of Two Lance's skill and power.

Another distinguished sportsman who enjoyed this Western life was the Earl of Dunraven. I accompanied him and his party on an elk hunt, spending several weeks with them. The Earl was an excellent shot, and it was not long before he was able to find plenty of elk and other desirable game without the aid of a guide.—The Independent.

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The Heart of the Earth

A TRIP DOWN A COAL MINE SHAFT

TO THE novice a trip down a coal mine shaft is an exciting experience. The candidate for the experience of visiting a coal mine for the first time, by way of the perpendicular shaft that leads to the Cimmerian depths, must not pause at the edge of the chasm to consider the matter, says the New York Sun. If he stops to ponder over the possibility that the rope, that slowly unwinds at the surface as the car and platform are lowered through the darkness, may part before the journey is fairly begun, or over the fact that the bottom of the shaft is perhaps a quarter of a mile below, and lingers to calculate the possible consequences, the chances are that he will never see the inside of a coal mine. If he really desires the experience, he must step in offhand and imagine that he is going to a picnic.

There will be no need of his shutting his eyes to escape the sight of possible terrors on the way down, for, although the shaft may be filled with such, it is nothing he will see of them with his eyes wide open. The only thing he may see will be the fading patch of daylight he is leaving, and a silver dollar will be bigger than that before he is landed amid the grime and gloom at the bottom.

One who is nervous in an elevator descending its shaft in one of New York's tall buildings, surrounded by upholstery and light, and with the monotony of the trip, short as it is compared with one down a coal mine shaft, varied by frequent stops and the getting out and coming in of occupants, would die on a journey to a colliery's depths.

Visitors who have the courage to make the trip are not many. They may go to the colliery firmly intent on descending the shaft, but those who change their minds when the clash and clangor and whir of the machinery, the stifling dust and the hurrying, sooty workmen surround and flit about them, are of the majority. Some visitors who have kept their courage to the sticking-place until they have entered the car, lose it when the descent into ebon depths begins, and cower down on the bottom of the car motionless from fear, loss of consciousness sometimes resulting from the severe strain on the nerves.

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The space is narrow in a mine shaft, and impenetrable darkness gives it the appearance of being more contracted than it is. The attendant's lamp is but a firefly's twinkle in the gloom. Water filters through the rocky walls and patters upon you, like uncomfortable November rain from dripping eaves, as the car passes deliberately down through the gloom that hedges it about. The oscillations of the rope that holds your life by its strands are painfully apparent. Even the fact that the miners make this trip twice a day, laughing and talking and humming snatches of folk-song—but never whistling; to whistle in a mine will fetch the worst of luck, they say—fails to remove all thought of danger from the mind of a stranger.

Every one who can read knows what a coal mine is. One is like another—the galleries crossing one another in all directions, like the streets of a town with many turnings—a black and deep city, a city of coal. Some of the galleries are long and wide and well ventilated; others are low, narrow, and tortuous, with the air suspiciously foul and charged with danger. The laden cars, trundling along the dingy tramways toward the foot of the shaft, pass the empty ones going back into the depths for other burdens. The noise of blasts, the smell of powder, the rumble here and there of falling coal, the glimmer of lamps whose feeble rays barely outline the ghoulish forms of the miners at their toil, the sound of water pouring from the many subterranean veins sundered by the pick and drill—these are the sights and sounds that surround the life a miner leads by night and day, hundreds of feet beneath the surface.

Work never ceases in a coal mine when it is run to its full capacity. One set of men go down the shaft at daylight and come out at dark, meeting at the surface the men who are going down, whom they will meet coming out again next morning as they themselves are going down into the pitchy darkness.

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It is remarkable that in the confined and sunless atmosphere in which the coal miner lives at least one-half his life, he contracts but few maladies; yet, in the course of time, the bad air works destruction to his blood, impoverishing it, and makes him an easy victim to anaemia. The dust arising from the coal does its fatal work to chest and lungs. When the miner is seen with the grime of his labor washed from his face, its pallor will be startling to the stranger. His eyes are protruding, his form stooped, his gait uncertain and shambling. He frequently works in water up to his knees, and he thinks nothing of it, but he is in constant fear of taking cold when in the open air. While the outdoor laborer congratulates himself that he is not subject to the hardships and exposed to the perils that the miner is, the miner rejoices that he is sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, from cold and wind and rain, unlike his less-favored brother, the outside laborer.

The damp explosions and the fall of roofs and walls are the great dangers that beset the coal miner. The number of explosions resulting from fire-damp, however, has been greatly lessened of late years by improved ventilation of mines, although the improvements were forced upon mine-owners by legislation.

Electricity is also taking the place of the miner's lamp in lighting mines, and it is from the miner's lamp, and too frequently the miner's careless use of it, that the danger of explosions of fire-damp occurs. Before Sir Humphry Davy gave to miners the safety lamp, it was the custom to light the fire-damp in coal mines every night. It is within the memory of old miners to-day when it was the duty of one man to fire the gas in certain mines, especially in Continental mines, so that the explosion might be provoked and the mine made accessible again for the men next day. Wrapped in a covering of wool or leather, the face protected by a mask and the head enveloped in a hood like a monk's cowl, this man entered the noisome depths to perform the dangerous task imposed upon him. The fire-damp is lighter than air and floats above it. To keep as much as possible in the areas of respirable air, the penitent, as the man was called because of the resemblance of his dress to that of a religious order, crawled on the ground, bearing before him a long pole with a lighted taper on the end. As he made his way along, alone in the poisonous mazes of the mine, his taper came in contact with the explosive gas, and detonation after detonation followed one another until the noxious substance had been entirely decomposed and the mine was safe. Frequently the penitent was killed at his post, either by the force of the explosion, or by coal and rocks dislodged by it crushing him.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

Lieutenant Henderson's Remarkable Coolness

Lieutenant Henderson, the leader of the expedition sent by England, some months ago, to that part of the Gold Coast hinterland which is ruled by the Mohammedan Chief Samory, seems to be a hero of the sort beloved by Ouida—and by all the rest of us, too, for that matter, says the New York Times. When he first reached the Sofa camp at Wa he was treated as a prisoner, and his captors discussed before and with him the manner in which he was to be put to death. The victim listened a while till he was weary of it. "Oh, well," he said, "I can't be bothered with your arguments; I'm very sleepy; let me know when you have made up your minds," and off to sleep he went. The unexpected performance saved his life. His calm indifference persuaded Samory's men that they had to *do* with some one of immense importance. Unwilling to take on themselves the responsibility for his death, they sent him unharmed to Samory's Court, in the Jimini country. He found the chief on a throne surrounded by four thousand warriors; yet when motioned to do homage on his hands and knees he did nothing of the sort, but sat down on the throne beside Samory, shaking that monarch warmly by the hand. Thanks to this, and to nothing else, he was accepted as the representative of a great Sovereign, instead of a captive doomed to death, and treated accordingly.

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Aubrey Beardsley's Early Art Career

When a boy the late Aubrey Beardsley drew pictures for fun, and never thought to be an artist, says the Boston Transcript. His parents were terribly poor, but he always managed in some way to get books. At twelve he could read ancient French and even Spanish black letters. After he had been some time in an architect's office his wages were increased two shillings a week, and he went to an artist of note and took lessons in drawing.

One night after he had gone home he sat down and made a sketch. It was not meant for anything in particular, not even for a Japanese Prince, as has been said. It was a picture of a man in strange robes, with a big sword, standing on a curved line. The background was broken by a queer blotch of dead black, which represented nothing, but which was of unusual and pleasing design. Later he turned out many more, all equally absurd and attractive.

He took them to Oscar Wilde, who gave him his book, "Salome," to illustrate. There were more than one hundred pictures in this book, and they brought more notoriety to Beardsley than the book did to Wilde. With John Lane, Beardsley got out the Yellow Book, a magazine bound in cloth of a startling yellow, filled for the most part with Beardsley's strange drawings. Copies of the first number were mailed to all the principal newspapers in the world, and the advertisement which it got was never *before* equaled. The book struck the popular fancy, for Beardsley drawings had become a fad. The young artist found that he who had been reared in poverty now had plenty of money at his disposal.

Beardsley's studio in London was a queer place; the walls were a dead yellow, while the woodwork and the bookshelves, the wainscoting, the floor, the tables and the chairs were a smooth, glossy black. The upholstery, what there was of it, was a dull blue. The combination was attractive.

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Ex-Minister John A. Bingham a Pensioner

Among the private pension bills recently introduced in Congress is one of an unusual sort, in that its object is to extend National aid to a man who never bore arms in the Government service, says the New York Times. The beneficiary named in this bill is the Honorable John A. Bingham, now a resident of Cadiz, Ohio. As a member of the House of Representatives, Judge Advocate, Solicitor of the Court of Claims, and Minister to Japan, Mr. Bingham was in the public eye for many years, and he was closely connected with some of the most important events in our history, but he left the office as poor as he entered it, and now, at the age of eighty-one years, he is without any income except what he gets, about $500 a year, as rent for two little stores in the village of Cadiz. So highly respected is he there that an effort is making to put his statue in the new Court House.

The pension bill, if passed, will give him fifty dollars a month.

Judge Bingham is a Pennsylvanian by birth, but his home has long been in Ohio. He was first sent to Congress in 1855, and remained there till 1863. Next year he failed of reëlection, and President Lincoln, whose intimate friend and trusted adviser he was, made him Judge Advocate. He presided at the trial of Mrs. Surratt and others connected with the assassination of Lincoln. He is said to have drawn the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and he framed the articles of impeachment on which President Johnson was tried. He was in Congress again for eight years after 1865, and held the Japanese Mission from 1873 to 1885. Since then he has lived in retirement, only occasionally attempting to practice his profession, the law.

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W. H. Overend, the Painter of Naval Subjects

W. H. Overend, the marine artist and painter of naval subjects, who died quite recently, was born in 1851. He was educated at Charterhouse, England, and then began by devoting himself entirely to his painting; but before very long he became connected with the Illustrated London News, and then turned his attention in large part to black-and-white work. He worked indefatigably as a book illustrator, his bold, effective style being very popular, and drew for various periodicals, mostly on naval subjects. His drawings were full of life, and his accuracy of detail in regard to naval matters, both archæological and of the present day, was proverbial. It may be mentioned that the Duke of York sat to him for a portrait when His Royal Highness was in command of a torpedo boat. Another very interesting commission Mr. Overend had was one from the United States Government, which asked him to paint a picture of Admiral Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay. This picture, which is at Washington, represents the Admiral standing in the rigging of the Hartford just after he had given his historical order. Mr. Overend was a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil, and was on the council of the Navy Records Society.

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The Military Career of Prince Bismarck

The history of the military career of Prince Bismarck, who recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Prussian Army, is interesting. The Prince began his military service as a one-year volunteer in the Potsdam Rifle Guards, says the New York Times. He served the second half of his year in the Greifswald Rifles, and was appointed a non-commissioned officer of the Landwehr on March 26, 1839. On August 12, 1841, he was promoted to be Second Lieutenant in the Landwehr Infantry, and was transferred to the Cavalry a year later.

Much comment and not a little anger was caused by his appearing in the uniform of a Second Lieutenant at the festivities held in the first years of his stay as Prussian Envoy to the Bundestag, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in consequence he was made First Lieutenant in 1854, and Captain in the Seventh Regiment of the heavy Landwehr Cavalry—the Landwehr of the Seydlitz, or Yellow Cuirassiers, at Madgeburg—in 1859. He became Major in 1861, and Major-General after the war with Austria, on September 20, 1866, skipping the grades of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. On the day of the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles, January 18, 1871, he was made Lieutenant-General, and General of Cavalry on March 22, 1876, the late Emperor William's birthday. On his resignation, on March 20, 1890, he was appointed Colonel-General of Cavalry, with the rank of Field-Marshal-General, and Honorary Colonel of the Seydlitz Cuirassiers, whose uniform, with the yellow collar, he generally wears. As Bismarck, in spite of all this military history, was always more of a politician—or, to be kind, a statesman—than of a soldier, his army record is interesting simply because it is characteristically Prussian. In no other country would a man of his stamp ever have entered the army at all.

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Discoverer of Earth's New Satellite

Dr. George Waltemath asserts that he has discovered a second moon, which circulates round the earth. He was born in the city of Bremen, and since the days of his early youth has been occupied with astronomical matters, says St. James Budget. He studied at Göttingen, and was lecturer at the technical schools, and for many years a lecturer for the propagation of science and useful knowledge throughout Germany. Since 1883 he has been studying the disturbances in the moon's motion. Leverrier, the great French astronomer, was convinced that there must be innumerable small bodies not very far from the earth, amounting to a weight of about one-tenth of the earth. Either these must be meteorites or moons, or both of them. He is sure that there are still several other moons.

Proctor, in his book on Other Worlds than Ours, was of the opinion that the earth possessed a certain number of dark moons, which only shine when some parts of their surface with great reflecting power are illuminated by the sun's rays. In recent years several moons attending other planets than our own have been discovered. Professor Barnard, with the Lick telescope, discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter in 1892. Professor Asaph Hall, in 1877, with the twenty-six-inch refractor of the Washington Observatory, discovered the two moons which light up the planet Mars. In all the solar system the earth is the only planet which is attended by but one moon. Uranus has four satellites; Venus and Mercury none.

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Arthur J. Balfour, England's Treasurer

Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, first Lord of England's Treasury and Government leader in the House of Commons, is an uncommonly fortunate man, says the Evening Lamp. Just at the particular moment when his downfall in politics is predicted, something somehow happens that elevates him higher than he was before. The illness (serious in its nature) of his uncle, Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has given Balfour the temporary control of the foreign office. He is to-day the guiding hand in the diplomacy of England in all parts of the world. Yet Ireland attached to his name long ago the adjective "Bloody," and for years his opponents in the Commons called him a "perfumed fop."

Since 1874, when he first entered Parliament for East Manchester, his opponents have insisted that he was a failure—that he could never rise to eminence—that he wore the glove of a gallant—that he minced with the words of a woman. He was Secretary to Scotland in 1886. Eight years prior to that time he sat in the Berlin Congress as Secretary to Salisbury. After the Scottish secretaryship he received that of Ireland, where his position was a dangerous one all the years he occupied it. In 1891 he became first Lord of the Treasury, the position he still holds, and to which he has added the honor of being the Conservative leader in Commons.

Balfour is a golf-player, an equestrian, a student, a writer of philosophical works and treatises, and a bimetalist. Englishmen say that in debate Chamberlain strikes with a bludgeon; Balfour punctures with a rapier. They say Chamberlain wins when everything is against him; that Balfour wins when all is with him. If the latter's progress during the last fifteen years be failure, no one ought to desire success. Some tales are told of Balfour that may be true. He is said to boast that he never reads the newspapers, and that he enjoys his bed until noon. His supporters are constantly aggravated by his want of respect for the House of Commons. He attends its sessions as little as possible. He is in his forty-ninth year—rather young yet to be what he hopes and aims to be—Prime Minister of the English Nation.

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Duke of Devonshire, Lord Salisbury's Successor

The Duke of Devonshire, who is figuring conspicuously in all the gossip about the alleged retirement of Lord Salisbury from the Prime Ministry of Great Britain, is one of the oldest statesmen, and one of the shrewdest, in England. He is the son of the late seventh Duke and a brother of Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, late Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was assassinated in Phœnix Park, Dublin, on May 6, 1882. The Duke's full name is Spencer Compton Cavendish, and he has lately been talked of as the successor of Lord Salisbury should the latter retire. This announcement was made several weeks ago, and was then vehemently denied by the Duke. A restatement of the matter is again denied by the Foreign Office. The present Duke of Devonshire, when he was the Marquis of Hartington, won much political fame by his fierce opposition to Home Rule for Ireland. He declined to join Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Cabinet, and arrayed himself against the "Grand Old Man," allying himself with Lord Salisbury and establishing himself as the leader of the Unionist Liberals. He likewise declined joining the Salisbury Cabinet when Lord Randolph Churchill seceded, although warmly pressed by Salisbury to accept a portfolio. Devonshire succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1892. Two years before that time he was married to the Duchess of Manchester, widow of the late Duke. His career in Parliament has been changeful and dramatic since he was first elected in 1857. He is now sixty-five years old, but his powers are unimpaired.

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The Inventor of The Telectroscope

This is an age of sensations, and one discovery amid the secret treasures of Nature seems only to lead to another infinitely more wonderful and puzzling to the merely lay mind, says Black and White. The cinematograph can enjoy, for instance, but a tentative and fitful triumph, and is doomed to be overshadowed by the wonders of the new telectroscope. The inventor calls it, in Teutonic idiom, the "distance see-er." It accomplishes the hitherto impossible in natural laws—it enables us to look round corners, to look to the uttermost ends of the earth, and see the incidents which occur at any selected spot on the globe with the clear vividness of actual sight.

The principle of the telectroscope is understood to consist in the combination of oscillatory mirrors, electric wires, and selenium plates, the instrument being not unlike a telephone in external appearance, and having a transmitter and receiver. On the spot in question are erected oscillating mirrors, and the rays of light from them come into contact with a selenium plate, which, as is well-known, has the power to change the light waves into electric ones. The electric waves pass thence to their destination, and the process which then takes place is exactly the reverse, the mirrors which oscillate synchronously with those at the other end reproducing the distant picture in its natural colors. By looking into the apparatus the picture can be distinctly seen, or it can be projected onto a canvas and observed by thousands at a time. More than these bare details of a remarkable invention are not likely to be known until 1900, when the telectroscope will prove the chief attraction of the Paris Exhibition.

The most remarkable feature of this invention is the inventor himself, because he proves in his person that inventors are, like artists, born, not made. Jan Szczepanik is an Austrian Pole, and only twenty-four years of age. He was so poor that he was forced to quit the University and become a schoolmaster in his native village. Three years ago he applied, in a crudely written letter, to the Austrian Ministry of War for assistance in patenting his "Fernseher." But Austria is a country where inventors proverbially go a-begging, and nothing might have come of the young man's discovery had he not been taken in hand by a Vienna banker, Herr Ludwig Kleinberg, who may virtually be said to have discovered the Edison of Europe. Indeed, it is confidently predicted of this stripling that he will leave Edison far behind. He is said to possess very little technical knowledge; but in spite of this fact he was able, the moment he set eyes on a silk-weaving loom, to hit upon an idea revolutionizing the manufacture of Gobelins, which, by means of an electrical process, can now be produced at one-twentieth of the former cost. The patent has just been sold to a ring in England for $250,000. Pictures of any dimensions can be produced in silk within a quarter of an hour, and these have the truth of photographs as well as the artistic value of first-class steel engravings.

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The Central Figure in the Federal Navy

Captain William T. Sampson, who was in command of the Iowa until assigned to duty as President of the Court of Inquiry to investigate the blowing up of the Maine, has succeeded Admiral Sicard in charge of the North Atlantic Squadron. Admiral Sicard retires on account of ill health. By Sicard's retirement Captain Sampson now becomes a Commodore. He is fifty-seven years of age, and ranks as one of the most efficient officials in the Navy. Before taking command of the Iowa, Captain Sampson was chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department. He entered the service in September, 1857, and has seen over forty years of active service, being for a number of years Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He served through the Civil War, being promoted to the position of Lieutenant in 1862 and made Captain in 1889. As an authority on naval ordnance the new Commodore ranks among the first in the country. His reputation has been made as a student of naval science. His temperament is genial.

It is not too much to say that he has been deeply loved by nearly all the cadets at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, both for his genial disposition, and for his patience at all times. They had, in him, a friend as well as a Superintendent, and no Superintendent was more deeply missed. His ability as an executive is considered as really exceptional.

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The Inventor of the Famous Submarine Boat

John P. Holland, the inventor of the submarine torpedo boat, which, if she meets with the success anticipated for her, will be the most terrible engine of naval warfare yet designed, is an engineer and mechanic of great skill and ability. For years he has been experimenting at his own expense in order to perfect a plan whereby Jules Verne's Nautilus could at least be approached, if not equaled. At last he persuaded the Government that he had found the secret of submarine navigation, and the Holland was built. Mr. Holland believes he can sink his odd craft in such a way as to be able to disable or destroy the strongest battle-ship afloat. He has already shown that the boat can be safely submerged and brought to the surface again, and if she can be made to work her torpedo tubes under the water (and her inventor has no doubt she can) the problem of submarine warfare has been solved and naval warfare perhaps abolished. Mr. Holland is a quiet, modest man, and, like all inventors of deadly machines and explosives, one of the most peaceable men on the face of the earth. He has often risked his life in his experiments, but that is a matter about which he never talks. His modesty equals his inventiveness.

First Sea Fight of the Revolution

CAPTURING A VESSEL WITH PAVING-STONES

By John R. Spears

IT WAS through the empowering of naval officers to enforce the acts of trade and navigation that the first sea fight of the Revolution occurred. A vessel of war—presumably a ship—had been stationed in the waters of Rhode Island with a schooner of one hundred and two tons burden called the Gaspe, armed with six three-pounders, to serve as a tender. The Gaspé was under the command of Lieutenant William Dudingstone. Dudingstone was particularly offensive in his treatment of the coasting vessels, every one of which was, in his view, a smuggler. He had a crew of twenty-seven men.

On June 17, 17[illegible], a Providence packet, named the Hannah, and commanded by Captain Linzee, came in sight of these war vessels while she was on her regular passage from New York to Providence. As the Hannah ranged up near the war vessel she was ordered to heave to in order that her papers might be examined. But Captain Linzee, being favored by a smart southerly wind that was rapidly carrying him out of range of the man-of-war guns, held on his course.

At this the schooner Gaspé was ordered to follow and bring back the offending sloop, and, with all sail drawing, she obeyed the order, for a matter of twenty-five miles that was as eager and as exciting a race as any sailorman would care to see; but when that length of course had been sailed over the racers found themselves close up at the Providence bar. The Yankee knew his ground as well as he knew the deck of his sloop, but the Captain of the Gaspé was unfamiliar with it. A few minutes later the shoal-draft Hannah was crossing the bar at a point where she could barely scrape over, and the deeper-draft Gaspé, in trying to follow at full speed, was quickly grounded hard and fast upon the bar.

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To make matters still worse for the Gaspé, the [illegible] began to ebb, nor for many hours could she get to float for

Leaving the stranded schooner to heel with the falling tide, Captain Linzee drove on with the wind to Providence, where he landed at the wharf and spread the story of his trouble with the coast guard. Had it happened in the days before the French war or before the persistent efforts of the British ministry to levy unjust taxes on the colonies had roused such intense opposition in New England, this affair would have been considered as a good joke on a revenue cutter, and that would have been the end of it so far as the people of Providence were concerned.

Now, however, the matter was taken in a most serious light. As the sun went down, the town drummer appeared on the streets and, with the long roll and tattoo by which public meetings were called, he gathered the men of the town under a horse-shed that stood near one of the larger stores overlooking the water. While yet the people were coming to the rendezvous, a man disguised as an Indian appeared on the roof and invited all "stout hearts" to meet him on the wharf at nine o'clock disguised as he himself was.

As one may readily believe, nearly every man of Providence came to the pier at the appointed hour. From this crowd sixty-four men were selected. They chose as their Commander, so tradition asserts, Abraham Whipple, who, later on, became one of the first-made Captains in the American Navy, and then all embarked in eight long boats gathered from the different vessels lying at the wharves, and pulled away for the Gaspé.

That was a most remarkable expedition in the matter of armament, for although there were a few firearms in the boats, the crews depended for the most part on a liberal supply of round paving-stones that they carried solely for weapons of offense.

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It was at two o'clock in the morning when this galley fleet arrived in sight of the stranded Gaspé. The tide had turned by this time, and the schooner had begun to right herself somewhat. A sentinel, pacing to and fro with some difficulty over the approaching boats and hailed them. A shower of paving-stones was the most effective if not the only reply he received, and he tumbled down below precipitately. The rattle and crash of the paving-stones on the deck routed the crew from their berths, and, running hastily on deck, the Captain of the Gaspé fired a pistol point-blank at his assailants.

At that a single musket was fired from the boats by whom will never be told, and the captain dropped with a ball in his thigh. Then the boats closed about the stranded vessel, and the crews swarmed over the rails. The sailors of the Gaspé strove to resist the onslaught, but they were quickly knocked down and secured.

As soon as this was done the schooner was effectually freed and her captors with their prisoners pulled away, but they remained within sight until the early dawn appeared, when the schooner blew up and the boats were rowed hastily home with the tide.

The indignation of the British over this assault on a naval vessel was great that a reward of $2,000 was offered for the leader of the expedition, with $2,500 more and a pardon to any one of the offenders who would turn informer. But, "notwithstanding a commission of inquiry, under the Great Seal of England, sat with that object, from January to June during the year 1773," not enough evidence was obtained to warrant the arrest of a single man.

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The Child in Public

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTAL FOLLY

By Grace Duffield Goodwin

WHEN we Americans are not quite certain as to the proper manner of treating a subject, we are inclined to search for its humorous aspect. And because we have a keen sense of the ridiculous, we are likely to forget that very often another mode of presentation is both necessary and desirable.

No one likes our American children as they appear in public quite so seriously as do [illegible] guests. They stay with us for a little time, and go home to turn us into "copy." A large share of this interesting copy is furnished by our children. From Dickens and Thackeray to Rudyard Kipling and the French author of Around the Americans (shrewdly suspected of being indigenous to the soil he colonizes), each writer has a chapter of personal grievances as to the bad behavior of the junior citizens of the Republic.

For ourselves, we regard the question with [illegible]. Our boys and girls are bright—"smart," we sometimes hear them called. They can travel alone, choose their food, their clothes, their studies and their amusements, at an age when the children of other lands are not out of the nursery. Mr. Burdette writes a humorous article upon the Public Child which is most entertaining, the comic papers satirize him gently each week, and his parents are much diverted.

But there are some matters that we cannot afford to treat lightly, and one of these is the behavior of our boys and girls in public. If we might go to the root of the evil, it would be to ask why they are found in such numbers in public places. However, when they are there, is no control to be exercised over them? Parents who have the best of judgment, in every other way, seem woefully blind to the defects of their own children. A man who would exact obedience from a horse, a dog, a servant, knowing [illegible] ience to be productive of ultimate good to animal or man, will be with his child "crush of conversation." No obedience is exacted, none is given, and the child, who is not the responsible one, bears the responsibility and becomes in the end the chief sufferer.

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Practically the result is painful in the extreme. Our hotels and our railway trains and our steamers are full, every summer, of a mob of lawless little people who terrorize and tyrannize, who monopolize the best seats, the entire length and breadth of the deck and the whole conversation. They sit up until all hours of the night, crowd the dancing floor when permission can be wrested from the manager, and perform torturing and earsplitting melodies upon the piano.

Poor little houris of men and women that we have seen! One of them, in full evening dress, strutted up and down the brilliant [illegible] rior of a hotel that provided "children's cloakrooms." He corrected and contradicted his parents; he had more money than any boy of ten ought to know anything about; he fulfilled and feed the waiters. In his own parlance, he could "look after himself," and the father and mother smiled in bewildered recognition of his budding manhood. When a child wears evening dress, and dances until midnight, who is responsible? Not he, surely. Some one has wantonly deprived him of his childhood, that infinitely precious thing so soon lost, and forever beyond recall!

This illustration, although drawn from life, need not be taken as a criterion of the whole, but it is the result to which thousands of badly governed children are gradually tending. These boys and girls are victims of the folly and selfishness of their elders—people who are unwilling to deny themselves any temporary enjoyment even for their child's lasting good, physically or mentally.

I cannot find it in my heart to blame the children, but I blame the fashionable mother who kept two little girls, dazed and with deferred sleep, sitting beside her until midnight because she "wanted to watch the dancing." She missed more than she ever guessed. She was willing to substitute the glaring light and heavy air for the darkness and peace of that distant room, where soft little arms around her neck, and the gladness of the child heart because mother had come to tuck her pretty gown to put them to bed, would have been her reward for the insignificant self-denial. Women lose the best out of their lives who lack a sense of proportion between essentials and non-essentials between real and sham, between sacrifice and selfishness. An English geography in use a few years ago, described America as a place "where people have no homes and live in hotels." For three months in the year this is sorrowfully true, that possibly it may serve in part to answer the question. If home is abandoned can no better substitute be found than the forcing atmosphere of a great hotel? Ought not mothers to whom God has intrusted the care of little children, deny themselves the relaxation that a hotel life might bring them when they realize how detrimental it is to their children physically and spiritually?

It is small wonder that children sensitive to any change in their accustomed ways of life, become when deprived of their usual food, rest and recreation irritable and forward in behavior. Under like circumstances, were the whole world still a place of wonder and excitement were the smallest events of great importance, the least disarrangement of settled plans material for nightmare, we, too, would be fretful, nervous, loud-voiced, impatient, frightened angry. [illegible] confusion and noise of such life is put [illegible] great drain upon the nerve force of children. They are stimulated to [illegible] use of unnecessary energy, and mental exhaustion results.

A child is not a perfect creature of none but angelic tendencies until subjected to our corrupting influence. This statement often and seriously made can be upset by the best baby of your acquaintance. But he is an impressionable little being, often (not always) easily led into right and sensible ways of living and thinking. The child in public is what his parents make him, and their hardwork is too often the result of utter carelessness and absolutely inexcusable selfishness.—The Congregationalist.

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What I Know of Ibsen

WITH NORWAY'S GREATEST AUTHOR

By Edmund Gosse

[illegible] upon an [illegible] in Christiania such a wealth of letters, and telegrams and flowers from all parts of Europe, as rarely falls to the lot of an opera queen or of a Royal bride. It was the seventieth birthday of Henrik Ibsen, who is not merely the most famous writer of Scandinavia, but perhaps the most famous poet now extant on this globe. If you hold up your hands in protest at that statement, amiable reader, name to me another equal to him in the width and depth of his reputation! Who has influenced so many minds, flamed so much enthusiasm, aroused such violent controversy? Who has been hated so much, and pursued with such insane invectives?

Never forget that even in these lax and agreeable days, when every duckling is a swan, the really huge figures have to [illegible] under the yoke of detraction and hatred. This is what Balzac called "the horrible Odyssey by which fame is reached," and a certain class of militant genius reaches it in no other way. Ibsen is eminently of this class, and to his use may be adapted Wordsworth's lines, "The world must loathe him ere to it he shall seem worthy to be prized."

But he was born at Skien on March 20, 1828, and we may take it that with his seventieth year he has put off the weariness of waiting. In his singular saga-tragedy of The Pretenders he has drawn with close psychological analysis the portrait of the man of genius long misinterpreted, held back by a galling inability to touch the public. But the Hakons pass, and Skule Baardsson comes into his kingdom at last; the despised and irritated poet awoke one day to find that Europe was listening respectfully to hear what he had to say. There were enemies everywhere—there are enemies still—but all over the world there were those who followed [illegible]'s Norwegian pied piper over the hills of convention and into the unknown *au delà*.

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This is all a great artist requires. If he can but gain a whole-hearted, an impassioned audience however small he may be content to await the conversion of the great world of average men and women.

On so festal an occasion as this seventieth birthday, nothing in the way of profound criticism can be expected from one who has fought the fight of a rational Ibsenism for more than a quarter of a century. I will rather describe some of the difficulties which befell the earliest attempts to introduce the name of the master to English readers. In doing this, I must, perforce, be a little autobiographical, for which I beg to be forgiven. But it is a fact that I was the first, and for years remained the only, apologist for Ibsen in England; and I feel drawn to-day, for the first time, to make a record of what I cannot help regarding with considerable [illegible] edy.

In 1871 the works of foreign living literatures at length had sunken to a [illegible]. It is quite extraordinary, in the face of the abundant curiosity and competent knowledge so widely extended at the present moment, to consider what an absolute dearth of information then [illegible] literatures, except in some degree about French, was suffered to exist in England. In 1871, on starting for Norway, I was anxious to know something of the intellectual life of its people; there was absolutely no [illegible] English language [illegible] threw the smallest light upon this subject.

On a burning summer's day in July [illegible] I went into the principal bookshop in Throndhjem, in the North of Norway, and I said to the exceedingly agreeable young man who came forward to wait upon me, "Have you got such a thing as a living poet in Norway?" He replied with gravity, "It is remarkable that you should ask that, for this very morning there has arrived from Copenhagen a packet of the new volume of our greatest poet." I immediately bought a copy for myself. It was the little bright green Digte of 1871—"af Henrik Ibsen."

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By dint of much labor, much guess-work [illegible] the spelling was eccentric, and at first baffled my reference to the dictionary), and I contrived to read the little green book from cover to cover. I was deeply moved; it seemed to me that this was a new planet. On the cover of the Digte earlier volumes were advertised Brand, Peer Gynt, Love's Comedy, The Young Men's League—so familiar now, then so strange. I ordered them all, and devoured them; and then came the desire to find sharers in my joy. But that was not easy.

My review of the Digte (shockingly bad, but it was a picture drawn in the dark) appeared at last in The Spectator in February 1872. This was the first occasion, no doubt, on which Ibsen's name was printed in England. Throughout that year I redoubled my efforts to make the Norwegian poet known. Two old ladies, in whose house I lived, told me very kindly that they were afraid I should weary people if I talked so much about "that Mr. Gibson," for so they had converted the unfamiliar name.

I persevered fruitfully. I had an introduction to the Saturday Review, and I [illegible] a long article on Peer Gynt. Mr. Harwood, who was then the editor, said that I had used terms of so warm a eulogy that he could not publish the article unless I could find some other witness to the merit of this strange piece by an unknown foreign writer. But no sponsor for Ibsen's poetic respectability was forthcoming, and the review did not appear. A little later on I tried the same editor with an article on The Young Men's League, which was tartly rejected. But Mr. Froude, who may be counted among early English Ibsenites, allowed me to blow the trumpet in Fraser's Magazine and in the same year, 1872, the Academy gave the first place to a review of The Pretenders. I am grateful to Mr. Froude.

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Meanwhile, I had come into personal relations with the poet, who was living at Dresden. He was pleased at the enthusiasm of his solitary English disciple, and urged me to proceed in the task of interpretation. At his suggestion in the winter of 1[illegible] I translated Love's Comedy—more waste of labor, for I turned into blank verse what could only be effective in rhyme—no one would publish, nor so much as read it. I wrote more articles on Ibsen, which were rejected. At length, in the spring of 1873, I lifted up my voice in a great and bitter cry to Mr. John Morley, and, although he had never heard of Ibsen, he printed in the Fortnightly Review a long *étude* with which I had taken prodigious pains. This monograph was much read, I think that I am not wrong in dating from it the study of Ibsen in England. Especially, I am very proud of the fact, which Mr. William Archer has recorded in one of his essays, that it was the reading of this study in the Fortnightly Review which first directed his notice to the great Norwegian poet.

Here, then, in 1873, exactly a quarter of a century ago, I withdraw my ineffectual taper. Mr. Archer then, presently (although not, I think, for ten years more), became that great interpreter of Ibsen, which his knowledge of the stage, his intimate acquaintance with the Dano-Norwegian language and the close sympathy of his own style with that of the dramatist preeminently fit him to be. English readers know Ibsen mainly as they have had him revealed to them by Mr. Archer, and they could hardly know him better if they read him in his own language. Mr. Archer is the host and his the guests and the dances; but it was I who swept the floor and who lighted the candles; it was I who wrote and sent out the invitations to Mr. Archer's guests, it was I who procured the musicians and so gave the dancers music; from this humble pre-eminence in time no one can depose me.

But enough of this. Let us drink the health of the master! I have been merely his humble but willing servant.—*En Skaal for Digteren Henrik Ibsen*.—The Sketch.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This extract is taken from The History of Our Navy, by John R. Spears. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Every-Day Life in Japan

WESTERN CUSTOMS THROUGH EASTERN EYES

At a Japanese Wedding

A LAND WHERE LOVE REALLY COUNTS

UNDER the laws which the extreme Orient has received from Confucius marriage can only be arranged through intermediaries, who hold a council with the parents of marriageable children; the parental choice is final; there is no escape, except through death.

In Corea these customs are observed with pitiless severity. The Japanese have departed somewhat from the letter of the law laid down by the Chinese philosopher. Before deciding, the parents, as a rule, consult their daughter, who has already met the young man in question either at a theatre, at a tea house or in the drawing room of a friend, and the desires of the proposed bride and groom are generally taken into consideration, at least in the middle classes, where neither ambition nor poverty has much influence. In some of the provinces, even, intermediaries are done away with altogether.

As to a marriage portion, the Japanese know nothing of this custom. They occupy themselves more particularly with the heart, mind and general character. Filial piety is looked upon as one of the qualities most desired and sought for as a guarantee of conjugal virtues. Generally, the husband insures the support of the wife; if both are poor, they work together to support the home, but a poor girl may marry a man with fortune, and a young man without fortune may equally marry a woman who has more money than himself. Love excuses and justifies all, love is the chief consideration.

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There is but one circumstance in which the union of the poor man with a wealthy woman is not acceptable, that is when the husband consents to go and live with his wife in an inferior condition. The man relinquishes his name and accepts that of his wife, whom he is called upon to obey, at least to a degree. The man who does this is little respected, and his former friends cease to hold intercourse with him.

When a poor girl falls in love with a young man to the extent of becoming ill through her affection, her parents are not wanting in sympathy, or anxiety, in their endeavors to discover the cause. She is questioned by her mother, and, when the name of her beloved is known, they at once seek an intermediary and make known the girl's sentiments. It is rarely that the young man does not consent to marriage, even without having seen the young girl. He who would refuse to wed under such circumstances is looked upon as being without heart, and if the young girl should die, he is regarded as a miserable fellow, unworthy of consideration, and he finds only with great difficulty a woman willing to marry him. Naturally, these unions are more frequent among young people of the same grade, or social condition, or between women and men of small fortunes, although in the last named case the parents of the young girl not infrequently oppose the desire of their daughter.

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The marriage ceremony is essentially symbolical. Some days prior to the date fixed upon for the wedding, presents (notably a fir tree, stork, a tortoise in bronze and gold—symbols of eternal youth and longevity) having been exchanged between the betrothed, the young girl is instructed by her mother, or maid servants, as to the nature of her conjugal duties—that is to say, if she is not already informed as to their character, for, in Japan, the young girls, even the most chaste, discuss freely with each other subjects that in Europe would be regarded as unseemly. The parents of the girl make known to her the obligations she is about to contract toward the new family she will shortly enter, and her friends, her sisters and her brothers bid her farewell as though she was about to be lost to them forever.

The wedding day having arrived, the parents of the husband prepare the nuptial chamber, and the repast which is intended to unite the two families, while the guests occupy themselves actively with the toilette of the bride, the linen, the dresses and the white veils. At sunset, a procession is formed of a character in accordance with the social standing or fortune of the families.

The instant the young girl crosses the threshold of the parental home, her parents shower her with sparks from a flint, which are intended to call upon herself and her lover the blessing of Heaven. These sparks bear the same significance as the drops of pure water with which, in the Occident, persons who are blessed are sprinkled. This accomplished, the long procession of relatives, guests and attendants begin their march, surrounding the sedan chair in which the bride is hidden, her mother and foster mother being carried in chairs on each side of her. In great marriages the sedan chair of the bride is preceded by those in which her parents are, and she is followed by those of the invited guests, while the attendants, in rich livery, form a line on each side, some armed with sabres and others carrying lanterns with ducal bearings.

Meanwhile, the intermediary has hastened to the home of the bridegroom in advance of the procession, in order to see that all is in readiness to receive the bride. His special mission is to see that there has been placed [illegible] the color of which is a good omen, the symbolic fir tree. Before it, on a small table, he arranges, in pyramid shape, three cups, lacquered with gold or silver, according to the standing of the husband. He also sees that the rice wine, which is the National [illegible]se, is ready.

The young friends of the affianced and the maid of honor are at their post. It is again the duty of the intermediary, after having welcomed all who pass before him, to seek the bridegroom and his parents and see that they are seated upon the floor.

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The young man has his father on the right and his mother on the left. The bride, still veiled, arrives, and is guided by the wife of the intermediary, who meets her and seats her between her two parents, and face to face with her future husband, from whom she is separated by a little table on which the three cups are laid. The intermediary and his wife complete the circle, seating themselves between the two families. The groomsman and the maid of honor place themselves at a little distance behind them.

When all are in their proper places, the ceremony commences; each one of the participants drinks in turn once from each cup, the bride first, then the mother of the bridegroom, then his father, then the mother and father of the bride, and, last of all, the groom.

This, in theory, appears extremely simple; but in practice it becomes formidable. Each cup has a long line to travel, even if the party is but little separated, as each and every person present receives the cup from the hand of the intermediary or from his wife. Each time it is emptied it must be filled anew. The young man or woman, who is not served is robbed of direct participation in the ceremony, and all are therefore careful to take part in the rite. They are called upon to rise, approach the intermediary, bow while turning toward the wine, and then resume their places. The intermediary drinks each time the cup is offered to the other participants in the ceremony.

During three quarters of an hour no word is exchanged. After the drinking is over the intermediary intones a chant. The bride's veil is raised, the intermediary leads her to a seat beside her husband, and the ceremony is completed, the marriage accomplished. The brothers and sisters of the husband are presented to their new sister, and all take part in the wedding feast, which is a traditional one in Japan.

The ceremony of the three cups is regarded as a symbol of the fidelity of the wife to the husband, and of the love of the husband for the wife. The rice wine, by its generous ardor, expresses affection, devotion, friendship, charity, and all other analogous sentiments which are the very essence of life. The Japanese marriage is, in fact, a common union of two families in one.

The day after the marriage, the young wife dyes her teeth black and shaves her eyebrows; this done, her smile acquires a strange mingling of vivacity, derision, and melancholy. Some days after, the bride and groom pay their wedding visits, beginning with their parents, and gifts are exchanged between the visited and the [illegible] For these visits in certain provinces of the country, is substituted the sending of red rice, after which life takes once more its usual course.—Translated from the Revue Illustrée by the Parisian.

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In the Bicyclers' Paradise

WHERE WHEELMEN ARE TREATED AS KINGS

FOREIGNERS in Japan catch something of the native spirit, and are receptive of all new things. Besides, the foreign colony constantly receives accessions from all people that on earth do dwell, each bringing new enthusiasm for the latest thing at home. And so it happens that the "settlements" show as large a variety of new social [illegible] religious opinions, seem in the heart [illegible] sorts and conditions of men to the acre, as any portion of the earth's surface. No one need fear being behind the times because he lives in far Japan.

Of course, in this athletic age, that holds true of sports. Indeed, before there was a tennis-court in the United States, Yokohama was intent on singles, doubles, mixed doubles and the championship. No wonder, then, that the bicycle made early appearance [illegible] that as soon as the "safety" was a success we had a club euphoniously named Tsuku-i. The club was cosmopolitan with members Russian, French, English, American [illegible] my memory serves, German. Straightway there were runs, meets and records. The latter would cut small figure in this year of grace, for our bicycles were English in make (I fancy there were as yet none American), weighing forty pounds or more, with small, hard tires, mudguards and brakes. But as even cushion tires were still undreamed of, no later wheels have seemed, to the imagination, to go faster round or more easily. And our highest gear was fifty four!

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Tokio was agog. When a halt was made for never so short a moment, the street filled with an eager throng, but of the kindest purposes, for nothing new excites opposition on the part of this progressive folk. The two-legged steeds that pull the jinrikishas might well have thought their interest threatened by this new-fangled application of leg power to wheels, and some of them in the Foreign Settlement must have noticed a diminution in cash receipts at once. But not a machine was harmed, there was not a remonstrance, not so much as a scowl on any face. That has been characteristic of the Japanese in all the rapid replacement of hand labor by machines—no roots but keen interest and acceptance of the fact that a new civilization brings new ways.

In all big Tokio there is not one paved street. All are macadamized, with foreknowledge of a wheelman's need, and all are sprinkled just enough, and all are exceedingly clean. And when I add that in the day of which I write there were no police regulations governing our case, but each man rode as fast and far and whither legs and conscience would permit, I can say no more in description of a modern, up-to-date Paradise. No regulation save that one carry a light at night, and that was not invidious. Everything that goes by wheels, even the slowest of jinrikishas, carries a light at night, and so only a few years since did each pedestrian.

That last requirement has been done away with the coming of street lamps, excepting to the bewilderment of the unsophisticated foreigner, when there is a conflagration. Then every one who goes abroad must bear his light! Wonderful is the sight, all the streets converging on the fire filled with hurrying, bobbing, dancing lights from paper lanterns. Does a Japanese need a lantern to find the fire? Far from it, but that he himself may be found. For with the fire start up, from the darkness of the city, thieves and vagabonds innumerable, intent on plunder. But who can steal while bearing in his hand the light that shows his presence? and how easy for the police to put inward each unlighted man as presumably on mischief bent!

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There is no rule "Keep off the sidewalks," chiefly because, excepting one or two very modern and progressive streets, there are none to keep off, but all dogs, stages, jinrikishas, men, women, children, babies, are middle-of-the-road populists. Especially do the children swarm, with the street as walk, playground, home. One would prefer to keep off the sidewalk if they would keep off the street. Still they add a certain zest, and impart a preternatural skill. For what save inspiration can reveal which way a child will flee, if so be there is no mother in sight as natural haven? The best way is to ring no bell, blow no whistle, utter no cry, but slip past speedily and in silence.

Whether because of our skill, or because of guardian angels, runovers were unknown. One exception, indeed, I remember, but it proves the rule, for it was not an infant but a poor old man who measured his full length in the dust. Not through any fault of mine—for when was ever a wheelman in fault?—but because a big dog charged him or me suddenly, and in consequence we both swerved from the straight path. I stopped, too, chiefly to see what damage had been done. The old man gathered himself up and came straight to me, begging my pardon for his presence in my honorable way. I granted it, and went on with a new sense of the never-failing courtesy of the lower classes of the Japanese.

One excursion I well remember. The Club took an outing in the splendid weather that comes in spring. Making an early start, we rode the historic East Sea Road, the *To-kai-do*. For generations in the olden times the great feudal nobles, with their long trains of burden bearers and men-at-arms, had traversed it. Every few miles are still the clusters of great inns where frequent refreshment offered new strength for the slow and ceremonious way, inns that now, like the avenues of pines that once gave welcome shade, are falling to decay. For alas! even Japan is in a hurry and prefers the railway and a trip in twenty hours, to the old stateliness and twenty days *en route*. But in the good old days none hurried; the longer the trip the better all were pleased, and life was long enough for anything.

For sixty miles we followed the old highway, with noisy welcome from the tea-house girls, and interested groups of peasants in the villages. Great ranges of mountains drew nearer and nearer upon our right, and on the left were glimpses of the wide Pacific, and all along were tiny farms and deep-thatched farmhouses, and well-trimmed hedges and groves of pines and cedars, with here and there a temple, with its sweet, deep-toned bell, or some tiny shrine with wayside Buddha. At last, after sixty miles we left the road of Odawara.

Here the *To-kai-do* leaves for a little, the sea and climbs Hakone Pass, over a range of mountains which, from the great central ridges which constitute the backbone of Japan, runs out through a peninsula to the sea. The pass is paved with rough stones impossible for wheels. So we leave it and take another, which still skirts the sea, which winds in and out and up and down between the mountains and the sea. A good road it is now along the beach and then, with well considered curves and grades, winding up the mountain side, until it hangs over a precipice three hundred feet or more above the sea, then down, then up again, and down and up with never ending loveliness, mountains, sea and orange groves for fifteen miles to Atami, where we spend the night. Our seventy-five miles of road wearied our untrained legs, and there was talk of giving up the trip, and returning ignominiously by stage and rail next day.

But only for a little. Atami is famous for its springs, its great geyser being chief. It blows off its fury with roaring steam each four hours. The hot water is captured and carried in bamboo pipes to the bathrooms of the inns. But let the foreigner beware! The honorable hot water is very, very honorably hot, and he would better have some common-place cold water added, diminishing the honorable heat. But only in moderation. Let the hot water still be hot, hotter than he has thought his barbarian flesh could stand. First the hot water, then a cold-water douche, then listen to the whistle of the blind shampooer. Call him in for a half hour of the very best massage (it will cost three cents), and after that, supper, a cigar and bed. There is no more talk of going home, but the most tired man of all is fit for anything. Even for the next day's trip.

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We have not circumvented the mountains by coming round. There they stand rising from our inn, the summit of the pass four thousand feet toward Heaven and six or seven terrestrial miles away. But no man faltered. At the foot of the pass we had a vision of angels who should bear us up toward Heaven, say two-score pullers of jinrikishas, all eager for a job. One glance enough! The bargain was soon made, two coolies hitched tandem to each wheel, and the long line was off at once. Feet off pedals, at our ease, for our long coast up hill. And the human steeds kicked up their heels in joy, two men to each vehicle, and never before wagons of such fairy weight. Cheap labor makes life easy for the man who rides.

At the top we saw the full glory of the Lord—Great Fuji towering, snow-capped, eight thousand feet above, and the blue Pacific flecked with sails, four thousand feet below, and all the spurs of land and tiny plateaux were covered with garden farms and toy-like villages.

But the wheelman cannot stop long. Waiting is not his virtue. The coolies are paid off, and we glance at the road. It winds down with longer curves and gentler. Then we examine brakes, and find them, too, all right. So, feet on coasters, break well in hand, and away. For miles and miles we coast down the curving mountain side. It is a holiday, and the peasants are resting from their labors. They see us far above and line their village streets all dressed in their best, silent, respectful, hesitant, as the strange procession of visitants from the clouds glides past and away.

Down we go for miles, and then one brief stretch of level ground brings us to our nooning place. Our welcome over, we are led to a suite of clean, white, matted rooms in the second story, overlooking the tiny garden full of quaint shrubs and trees. Barefooted, deft handed maidens bring lacquer trays with dainty dishes full of soup, rice, fish, and eggs, with chopsticks, best of implements for such fare, and bountiful supply of fragrant, straw colored tea. So we rest an hour content, at the foot of Fuji San before the wheels go on again.

No! The lot of the missionary in Japan is not wholly an unhappy one, for it has many pleasures.—The Independent.

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Wisdom of French Thinkers

THE characteristic of genius is not to be faultless, but to have qualities enough to cause faults to be forgiven.
—J. E. LA HARPE

REASON may comprehend a partial gift, a transient devotion, the heart knows only entire sacrifice, and says, "Thine alone and forever."—PAUL SABATIER

BELIEF in progress is a doctrine of lazy people. There can be no true, that is moral progress, except in individuals and by individuals themselves.—BAUDELAIRE

WE COMPLAIN of the road. This complaint is a sign of weakness. It matters not if we are wounded by the thorns, since we are sure to attain our aim.—JULES SIMON

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Sea Longings

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

THE first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast,
Crushing the deep sea beryl on the rocks—
The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.
Against the spires and gables of the town
The white fog drifted, catching here and there
At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof,
And hung—weird gonfalons. The garden walks
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged biers
Lay dead the sweets of summer—damask rose,
Clove-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.
Only keen salt odors filled the air.
Sea-sounds, sea-odors—these were all my world.
Hence is it that life languishes with me
Inland; the valleys stifle me with gloom
And pent-up prospect; in their narrow bound
Imagination flutters futile wings.
Vainly I seek the sloping pearl-white sand
And the mirage's phantom citadels
Miraculous, a moment seen, then gone.
Among the mountains I am ill at ease,
Missing the stretched horizon's level line
And the illimitable, restless blue.
The crag-torn sky is not the sky I love,
But one unbroken sapphire spanning all;
And nobler than the branches of a pine
Aslant upon the precipice's edge
Are the strained spars of some great battle-ship
Plowing across the sunset. No bird's lilt
So takes me as the whistling of the gale
Among the shrouds. My cradle song was this,
Strange inarticulate sorrows of the sea,
Blythe rhythms ungathered from the Sirens' caves.
Perchance of earthly voices the last voice
That shall an instant my freed spirit stay
On this world's verge, will be some message blown
Over the dim salt lands that fringe the coast,
At dusk, or when the tranced midnight droops
With weight of stars, or haply just as dawn,
Illumining the sullen, purple wave,
Turns the gray pools and willow stems to gold.
—Ungarded Gates (Houghton).

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A Singing-School for Canaries

TO TEACH canaries how to sing by means of machinery is the latest idea of a German bird-fancier, says the Golden Penny. At present he is teaching some four hundred birds the art of singing. According to the master of this song-factory, a young canary will not sing without instruction, and he has devised a machine with the aid of which he teaches his feathered pets to sing. This music machine, which is the only thing of its kind in existence, is worked by water and air force. It is a cylinder, comprising an air tank. The water forces the air up through a number of pipes, which are placed inside the cylinder, and in this way a peculiarly sweet chorus of sounds resembling the trills of the canary is created. The machine has nine variations, just as a singing canary has nine different tones.

When the birds are old enough to commence their singing education they are placed in cages opposite this apparatus, which is then set in operation, and, strange as it may seem, the birds start warbling. After they have mastered one tone the machine is then changed to another, and so on until the canary is proficient in several. The more different tones a bird can sing the more valuable it is. Hundreds of birds are turned out annually from this unique singing-academy, some of them fetching good prices.

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The History of the Earring

THE fashion of piercing the ear-lobes, for the purpose of sustaining gems set in gold, has been followed by most races from the earliest times, says the Golden Penny. Homer describes how Juno placed pendants in the lobes of her ears. Eardrops were presented by Eurydamas to Penelope, and among the Athenians it was a mark of nobility to have the ears pierced.

Among the Phœnicians, however, the wearing of earrings was the badge of servitude, and the same custom obtained with the Hebrews. The rabbis assert that Eve's ears were pierced, when she was exiled from Eden, as a sign of slavery and submission to the will of her lord and master. The Egyptian women wore single hoops of gold in their ears, and in Biblical times the custom appears to have been universal. They appear to have been regarded as the most cherished possessions of their wearers, and were only parted with under great stress of necessity. Thus the golden calf is supposed to have been made entirely from the gold earrings of the people. Among the Arabs the expression "to have a ring in one's ears" is synonymous with "to be a slave," and, to the present day, an Arab who has been conquered by another places a ring through his ears as a sign of servitude.

So general was the use of earrings in Rome, and so heavy were they, that there were women whose profession was that of "ear-healer," who tended the ears of those ladies who had torn or injured the lobes with the weight of the pendants. At one period the Roman men took to wearing earrings, but the custom was forbidden by Alexander Severus. In Greece it was customary for children to wear an earring in the right ear.

The early Saxons appear to have worn rings of plain gold in their ears, while in the fourteenth century these appear to have been decorated with small pearls. In the reign of Elizabeth, earrings were adopted by men of fashion, and the custom spread until James I's time, when all the courtiers had their ears pierced. The earrings worn by men took the form of either plain wire rings or crosses, or triangles of gold studded with valuable gems.

There is a very ancient notion, which is still held by country folk, that the piercing of the ears is good for the sight. The origin of this belief is lost, but it has obtained for centuries. It is scarcely necessary to state that the belief is quite without foundation.

In the Middle Ages it was the custom for lovers to present earrings to their sweethearts, and persons who were about to be married used to stick a flower through the ring in the ear, much as a clerk would a pen, as a sign of their being engaged.

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St. Helena's Long Ladder

THE little South Atlantic island, St. Helena, is known chiefly from the fact that Napoleon Bonaparte spent the last years of his life thereon, says the London Daily Graphic. In more modern times Dinizulu, a son of the Lake King of Zululand and his suite, consisting of a couple of wives and several attendants, were also sent to St. Helena in exile. On his arrival Dinizulu wore little or no clothing. Education, however, has done much for this little colony of Zulus, and on their departure, after eight years of banishment, they could be seen clothed in European dress of the loudest and brightest description.

Though they brought nothing with them but a few native poles and so on, they have taken home many cartloads of furniture and tons of packing cases, the contents of which were a puzzle to the beholder.

It has been said that the island of St. Helena was made of all the extra rocks that were left over when the world was created—and, indeed, the hills are appalling. The roads are very bad, steep and narrow, and donkeys are exclusively employed as carriers. Their loads are various, from haystacks slung on each side, to human beings whose business carries them up and down the hills. A great feature of the place is a ladder of seven hundred steps leading from the town to the barracks at the top of the hill, and weary work it is climbing up, as the soldiers who live at the top can testify. The man who leaves the town in the pride of his strength, reaches the seven hundredth step with quaking knees and trembling limbs, and ready to drop from exhaustion.

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How Indian Jugglers Deceive

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from India regarding the theory that the jugglers perform their tricks by "will power," says, in Scottish Nights: During the course of the Indian mutiny I made the acquaintance of one of these gentlemen of India, who tried to instruct me how to perform these tricks.

He said it was all imaginary on the part of the spectators, as he simply willed that they should see those things. Yet I, in common with Western nations, was too animalized, sensual, and materialized by flesh-eating and consumption of alcohol to retain or accept any deep spiritual teaching.

The most exciting performance that he gave for my amusement was the converting of a bamboo stick into a native servant who waited at table and supplied our wants. Afterward—in his absence—I tried it on, and to my surprise the same man was before me asking for instructions. I directed him to fill the chatties on the veranda with water from the well in the compound. This he proceeded to do.

When he had filled them all to overflowing, I requested him to stop. He, however, took no notice of me, and went on stolidly bringing in the water, until, in my excited imagination, it seemed that the bungalow would be washed away. Finding that I could not arrest or stop his movements, he passing through me as though I did not exist, I drew my sword and lay in wait for him. Making a slash, I apparently cut him in twain, when lo! there were two men bringing in the water, neither of whom could I restrain nor prevent from doing so.

I was completely beyond my depth, when I heard a quiet laugh behind me, and on turning I found it was my instructor, who held up his right hand, and the two men disappeared, the stick resuming its place on the veranda, and to crown all, there was not the slightest sign of any water having been brought in. I excitedly appealed to him for an explanation. He said that he had been present all the time, having willed that he should be invisible to me, and that I should imagine myself to see and do what I had thought had really taken place.

If I were King

By Bernard Bagnall

IF I WERE King, this would I do—
Enrich thee with a thousand gems
And perfumed silks of cherished hue,
With jeweled breast of broidered hems;
A crimson rose should deck thy hair,
And dusky slaves would gladly sing
The beauties of my lady fair,
If I were King.

If I were King, thro' all the hours
Of dreary night I'd watch o'er thee,
And bid the dreamy, slumb'rous flowers
Tell of thee to the moonlit sea;
Then, when the lark awoke to bliss,
Aside the mask of night I'd fling
And, kneeling, softly beg a kiss,
If I were King.

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Whence Gutta-Percha Comes

THE tree from which gutta-percha is obtained grows in Borneo, and in other islands of the Indian Archipelago, says the Philadelphia Times. It is very large, but the wood is spongy, and of little use as timber. The leaves grow on long stalks, and are green above and of a bright yellow beneath; the flowers are small and grow in pretty tufts in the axils of the leaves, each on a separate stalk or stem.

To obtain the gutta-percha of commerce, the finest trees are cut down, and incisions are made in the bark; a milky juice exudes from the incisions, and is received by little troughs made for that purpose. When the juice has hardened to a certain extent it is kneaded into cakes and exported. The cakes are of a reddish-brown color, and are full of irregular pores.

Before, however, the cakes are ready for use, they have to undergo some preparation. They are first sliced into very thin shavings, and then placed in a "tearing" machine, which revolves in a trough of hot water. The machine tears the shavings into small pieces, and the hot water washes them thoroughly. These pieces are then made into cakes, and the cakes are rolled several times between heated cylinders to free them from any air or water that they may contain, and to make them uniform in texture. Again they are rolled between heated rollers and thus made into sheets of various thicknesses for use, or formed into rods, water-pipes, or any other shapes which may be desired.

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The Growth of Foreign Cities

THE sudden growth of great cities is the first result of the phenomenon of immigration which we note, says Professor Ripley in Popular Science Monthly.

Most of the European cities have increased in population more rapidly than in America. This is particularly true of great German urban centres. Berlin has outgrown our own metropolis, New York, in less than a generation, having in twenty-five years added as many actual residents as Chicago and twice as many as Philadelphia; Hamburg has gained twice as many in population since 1875 as Boston, and Leipsic has distanced St. Louis. The same demographic outburst occurred in the smaller German cities as well. Cologne has gained the lead over Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburg, although in 1880 it was the smallest of the four. Madgeburg has grown faster than Providence in the last ten years. Dusseldorf has likewise outgrown St. Paul. Beyond the confines of the German Empire, from Norway to Italy, the same is true. Stockholm has doubled its population; Copenhagen has increased two and one-half times; Christiania has trebled its numbers in a generation; Rome has increased from 184,000 in 1860 to 450,000 in 1894; Vienna, including its suburbs, has grown three times over within the same period. Paris, from 1881 to 1891, absorbed four-fifths of the total increase of population for all of France within the same rather limited period.

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How Gems Decrease in Value

EVEN precious stones have their "diseases," lose their lustre, and change their color if not properly treated. Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones, that of adding or losing color when long exposed to the light. The emerald, the sapphire and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be; yet experiments made a few years ago, in both Paris and Berlin, to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered; a ruby which had lain for two years in a show-window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate which was kept in darkness.

In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than that of the ruby and sapphire, but there is a curious difference in the result in topaz and garnet; for, while the latter grows lighter, the former appears to become cloudy and dull in hue, losing much of the brightness characteristic of a newly cut gem.

For ages the opal has had the unenviable reputation of being the most unlucky of gems, and it is believed that the jewels themselves are originally responsible for many of the superstitious stories connected with them, since to the polishers and setters it is one of the most troublesome gems on their list. Microtomists say that the prismatic colors and fire of the opal are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles and give the hues so much admired. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeals of grinding, polishing and setting, do not often crack afterward, but it is best not to expose them to even the moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, while from five to thirteen per cent. of water is a combination rendering them treacherous objects.

A volume would not contain the stories told by expert jewelers of the misfortunes of pearls. Consisting almost entirely of carbonate of lime, they are easily damaged, and when once injured they cannot be restored. Thrown into a fire at an ordinary red heat, they are converted into a pinch of lime dust; accidentally touched with any corroding acid, they are affected precisely as a bit of marble limestone would be under similar circumstances. They are easily cracked and broken; sometimes they lose their lustre through handling, while the acids contained in the perspiration of the skin of a wearer have been known to affect them.

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The Man with No Religion

VERY often the man who has no religion talks the most about it. The infidel is forever prating about it, not that he cares for it, but because he must thus summon his courage on account of his lack of it. His infidelity would soon ooze away if he ceased to rail at holy things. His fears would get the better of him if he did not keep up a hot fire upon Christian dogmas. He is never so happy or confident as in the heat of controversy. He is then most fully persuaded that there is no God, no Bible, no hereafter. He is ready, in his judgment, to meet all comers, and if they are not forthcoming he is compelled, for his own security, to go out and hunt them up. His stale and effete arguments lose their force, even with himself, through silence.—The Presbyterian.

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The Weak Eyes of Humanity

IT HAS been reckoned by good authorities, on the subject of eyesight, that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition. In seven cases out of ten people possess one eye which is stronger than the other. In two cases out of five there is more or less astigmatism or distortion of the visual image, while nearly fifty per cent. have only an imperfect appreciation of colors.

Much poring over books in badly lighted rooms impairs it; work in the open air improves it. Shepherds and sailors have good eyesight, and in general savage tribes, which depend on hunting for subsistence, have the keenest eyesight. Of civilized people, the eyesight of the Norwegians is best, while the wretched and despised "Bushmen" of South Africa have vision so sharp as to deserve the name of "human telescopes." Color-blindness is far less prevalent among uncivilized races.

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Small Birds Crossing the Sea

EVERY year, on the approach of winter, thousands and thousands of birds, little as well as big, leave their summer quarters in search of sunnier lands, says the New World. How large birds of strong wing can cross such a wide stretch of water as the eastern part of the Mediterranean is easy to understand; but how do the small wrens, titmice, finches and the rest manage it? Why, they ride first class on the backs of cranes! In autumn great flocks of cranes may be seen flying low, and giving forth strange cries as they sweep along southward. As soon as this note is heard, all kinds of little birds fly up to the cranes and settle on their backs, the twitter of those already squatting thereon being audible at times. When spring revisits the North, the cranes carry them back to their old haunts—this time, however, flying high, as if they felt assured their tiny friends would reach the earth once the great sea were passed.

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Origin of "Hear, Hear!"

IN THE new Parliament in 1735 the Master of the Rolls, Jekyll, made an extraordinary speech, changing his opinion seven times, "and as often the party which thought they had got him roared out the 'Hear him!'" an exclamation which was evidently the origin of the now familiar "Hear, hear!"

Colonel Howard on a previous occasion had referred to "very loud heerum's from the Ministerial bench."

This suggests that "him" first became contracted to "um," and that in the course of time the primary meaning became lost, and a second "hear" was substituted for a sound unintelligible to later members. But the earliest form was distinguishable even so late as 1780, under which date Sir G. O. Trevelyan, in his Life of Fox, refers to the use of "Hear him, hear him!" from which it may be inferred that the older ejaculation was often redoubled long before the adoption of the modern one.

Present-Day Problems

SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF THE MOMENT

Disadvantages of Rich Men

By Charles William Eliot, LL.D.

I OFTEN feel sorry for rich men in our day. They deserve a great deal of commiseration in our community; for they have lost a good many of the favoring chances that rich men had in other times. The rich men of former centuries, and other countries, were soldiers, magistrates, great land-owners, and great stock-owners; they could not be rich on any other terms. They were necessarily called to the discharge of great public duties. They had to take their lives in their hands when frequent war came upon their country. They shared with their tenants, or clansmen, or retainers, the dangers of battle. They always bore great charges in the maintenance of estates, only a part of which they privately enjoyed. They always had severe labors as magistrates.

All these chances of commending themselves to the community the rich men of to-day have lost. It is a change in the organization of society which has deprived them of these privileges. It has deprived the young rich—the young men who inherit riches—of a great many of the opportunities of services which, on the whole, endeared their like to the feudal societies. Even now, when we see the English dandies parading on Piccadilly, or riding in Rotton Row, in the middle of the working-day, we have to remember that a fair proportion of those young fellows are liable at any hour to be ordered off on Her Majesty's service, with sword by the side, risking their lives for the honor of England. There are no such chances for the rich American youth to-day. They are in constant danger of leading soft, luxurious, and self-indulgent lives.

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Again, I observe that the life of the rich man who has made his money, and is a little out of the struggle to get more, becomes dull, monotonous, and uninteresting; and that the young men who inherit money often find life a terrible bore. It is that very class of people that oftenest ask Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" It is the people who do not have to work for their own livelihood, and that of their own families, who most frequently ask that question. I remember that Mallock's book was lying on the transom in a yacht I used to sail, when we cabin folks went ashore one afternoon to take a walk, and the steward picked up the red-covered book, read its title, Is Life Worth Living? and turned its pages. That man was away from his family nine months in the year. Three months he spent in what he considered a state of great ease and enjoyment on board the yacht; six months he went as mate in a coaster—a very hard life. Only three months, in mid-winter, did he spend at home. He did not earn more than six hundred dollars a year. His people were poor—all of them. But when we cabin folks came on board again, he took one of my sons aside and asked, "What sort of a man wrote this book?" My son tried to explain what sort of a person Mr. Mallock was. "Well," said the steward, "he must be 'loony'! No man in his senses could ask that question." That is the state of mind of most men who work hard for their living. It is your young fellow who has much money in the bank, and more in bonds, who doubt the worth of living. It is a miserable question to ask; the man who asks it is in a wretched, distorted and unnatural state of mind.

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It seems to me, too, that our rich men have lost great pleasures which the rich men of other times used to enjoy. It is a great pleasure, for instance, and a very honorable pleasure, in my opinion, to maintain generously and handsomely a fine family estate in the country, with all the old trees and noble animals that should adorn it—an estate which has been, and is to be, transmitted in the same family from generation to generation. How many men have that satisfaction in this country, the richest country in the world? Very few. I believe I know two men who live on their grandfathers' places in the country—only two. We cut up our great estates, and sell them for house-lots if we can. We part with them; we move away from them; we give up the care of them. We do not maintain and beautify them, either for our children or for the public enjoyment. You and I never can own great estates; and we miss that lesser enjoyment, which is common in Europe, namely, the sight of great estates which rich men maintain—the splendid parks, the beautiful lawns, the rich gardens, and noble mansions which rich men in feudal societies maintained for the enjoyment of their fellowmen, as well as for their own. I wish we might see some of these customs develop in our land. If I cannot own a pair of handsome horses myself, I want to see somebody else owning and driving them. The sight of appropriate and durable splendor is a great enjoyment for all who look on it. But these things must be of very slow growth in our democratic society.

Yet we are going to have rich men, I believe, and richer men than ever. The continuous development of very rich men is a necessary consequence of the freedom and equality, before the law, that we all propose to enjoy. I do not believe that any legislative body, or any social philosopher, can prevent the coming up of rich men, unless we all agree that we will no longer attempt to enjoy entire freedom and perfect equality before the law. Given the freedom, the natural money-getters will make fortunes. Therefore, I do not believe that any method of distribution, or even dissipation, of wealth will succeed in preventing, in this country, the constant rise of very rich men. Moreover, do we not all see a new condition of things which tends to the preservation of a rich class? When I was a boy, it was not the custom among the generation preceding mine, to secure property to women when they were married; it was not the custom to settle estates on women and minors. The agencies to secure the faithful execution of such trusts were hardly created. But now there are many agencies for the execution of just such trusts—mostly created within sixty years. In consequence, it is a great deal easier than it used to be to keep safe money once made, or money which the creator of a great property desires to transmit to his children. And this safety in keeping is going to increase—for it is one of the results of a more perfect civilization. This means a great deal morally; it means fidelity and carefulness, and the power to procure this fidelity, and careful ability, in the interests of persons themselves incompetent to preserve great estates. That is going to be more and more possible in our country, and therefore we are going to see, in my judgment, more and more families in which wealth is transmitted. I look, therefore, for no decrease in the rich class, but rather for an increase.

The remedy for the difficulties which encompass this whole problem of great wealth, it seems to me, has been already indicated. It was indicated by the essayist of the evening; it is contained in the word "service"—in the desire and purpose to be of service. It was indicated, also, by Professor Giddings when he said that the cure is in setting up true ideals—in the recognition of wealth as a means, and not an end. This remedy must be procured through education—home education, school and college education, and church education. The main doctrine of the New Testament, as a whole, is that loving service leads to happiness and safety—for the individual, to what we call Heaven; for society, to what we call the kingdom of God. We need "service."

Editor's Note—This address is taken from American Contributions to Civilization, a collection of essays and addresses by Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University, published by The Century Company, New York.

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Obeying Our Daughters

By Marion Harland

LAWLESS American children are not more proverbial than lawless grown-up sons and overbearing daughters of the same nationality. "The well-trained mother" is a pleasant jest to herself and her associates. Only yesterday I saw a pretty girl, fashionably dressed, on her knees before her mother, a pair of rubber overshoes in her hand, which she implored the matron to put on before she ventured out upon the wet pavements.

"I am afraid you are less obedient than the majority of mothers of this generation," smiled another matron, who was listening to the girl's persuasions and the parent's objections. "She ought to have you well in hand by this time."

"It isn't for want of practice that she hasn't," rejoined the other plaintively. "I have no will of my own any more. She dictates what I shall eat and what I shall drink and wherewithal I shall be clothed. I loathe rubbers, yet you see she is putting them on my feet this blessed minute."

The girl's head was bent over the task, but the back of her neck was stained with the sudden flush overspreading her face. Her throat heaved as in swallowing a hasty retort.

"Mamma knows that if I did not love her I should not care how she looks or what she does," she said, in admirable temper. "We are all disposed to be overcareful of precious things."

A common prejudice would seem to be the belief that tyranny lies couchant in the hearts of our offspring, and only awaits opportunity to become rampant. It cannot be denied that illiterate parents, who, with the rapid acquisition of wealth, have given their children the education and social advantages which the money came too late to buy for themselves, are sedulously kept in the background, or, upon rare occasions when they cannot be effaced, are repressed and drilled in the vain hope of making them presentable. The mother who doubles up her negatives and the father whose knife and shovel receive the same broad treatment at his hands, are a mortification even to affectionate and dutiful descendants. The chagrin may be the more grievous for filial love that nothing can stamp out. Our girl would like to be proud of the mother whose manifold inward graces she honors, and longs to shield the father, whose darling she is, from contemptuous criticism.

Frankly, I admit that there is a germ of reason in Our Girl's expectations, and several germs of justice in her conclusions. Her censor will agree with me also that she is to be pitied. More Christian fortitude goes into the effort to rise superior to the palpable vulgarity of a kinsman than would sustain one under the affliction of that kinsman's death, however dear he may be. We brand as false shame the reluctance of refined men and women to appear abroad with those of their own blood who defy conventionality and tread nice customs into the mire.

It is not in disparagement to Our Girl that I put this natural weakness forward in enumerating the springs of her efforts to keep mamma abreast of the times. It hurts her to be ashamed of what is so dear and sacred as the mother who bore and brought her up. The thought of degrading her to the position of an upper servant in the home is inexpressibly hideous. The strong young arms of her love are thrown about her to screen her deficiencies. It is not unreasonable that she should expect her mother's cooperation when the end she has in view is that the dear woman should do justice to herself, and warrant to other judges her boys' and girls' reverential devotion to her.

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There is a fine strain of pure selfishness in Our Girl's manœuvres to induce her mother to dress becomingly, and to resist the inclination to become a confirmed stay-at-home instead of keeping up associations that will brace and freshen her mental forces. She protests with tender vehemence against the cant of "growing old and ugly and useless," into which the wisest of us are prone to lapse from the force of example, and watches over her mother's health with what looks like officious solicitude. If chided for fussiness, her defense is the sweetest thing conceivable: "You see, she has been so used to taking care of us that she has got out of the habit of thinking of her own health and comfort."

The average mother is often rebellious under what she considers an impertinent curtailment of her liberty of action. Having brought up a family of children without the advice of her juniors, she might surely be trusted to mind her own manners and health. In her honest heart she loses sight of the truth that she is the less able to look after herself because she has forgotten, for a score of years, personal interests in devotion to those whose help she now scorns.

Our Girl has put the case fairly. Ways of eating and drinking, phrases and pronunciations—even of thinking—have altered since mamma used to be consulted by her mother in the plenishing of the house and the serving of tables. While she has been steering the household raft people have ceased to courtesy and to say "Yes, ma'am" and "No, sir." Meats and vegetables are no longer crowded together upon the table, and the noon meal is luncheon, not dinner. Bread and butter plates and finger-bowls and after-dinner coffee cups, and oyster forks and ice-cream forks and asparagus have come in, and mountainous roasts have gone out—to be carved in the butler's pantry. Sketchy tea and scones are served to afternoon visitors instead of ceremonious cake and wine. Pictures are hung on a level with people's eyes; "sets" of furniture dispread themselves chiefly in hotel parlors and steamboat saloons; formal "regrets" have been superseded by brusque visiting cards; betrothals are ostentatiously announced, instead of leaking out timidly after the wedding day is set.

All these innovations, and more than she dreams of besides, are as well known to her boys and girls as the now obsolete ways of "doing" were to her at their age. Unless she be a society woman her daughter must be her adviser and coach in minor points of modern etiquette. Her son will not take the trouble to do it, although he loves her.

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"The mater is perfect as she is—a quaint unique," he says, with eyes full of laughter, and with a hug and a kiss that cost him nothing, and are as wine of Cyprus to her foolishly fond heart, he is off to the club where things are up to date, or to call on a belle whose impossible mother never "shows up." His sisters are, to his way of thinking, fussy and critical above what is written or reasonable. "Why can't they let the dear old soul have her way? She will live the longer for it, and she is too old and stiff to be taught new figures." The mother who accepts his reasoning—or lack of reasoning—dwarfs her whole nature.

If anything could extenuate the contemptuous patronage with which some young people regard the authors of their being, it is the stubborn conservatism that persuades the woman of fifty that she can, or will, learn nothing from those whom he has been pushing to the front for twenty-odd years for the express purpose of making them wide-awake and progressive. If they can tell her, who has been a semi-recluse through all these years, nothing which he does not already know, her efforts and their time have been thrown away.

There is a perverse vanity of mature age so much less excusable than the frank conceit of youth, that my heart inclines wistfully toward the girl whose fond desire to retain her mother as her intimate and confidante, during the remaining section of the parent's earthly pilgrimage, urges her occasionally beyond the bounds of just taste and expediency. She is excusable. Let her simple plea speak for her with her critics: "We are all strongly disposed to be overcareful of precious things."—The Congregationalist.

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Every-Day Annoyances

ONE of the most annoying of the minor trials which we are called upon to endure, is the disposition of our acquaintances to indulge in that amusement known as "taking us down a peg," says the New York Observer. It is singular how many men, and especially how many women, find pleasure in this practice. It is not, of course, necessarily always ill-natured, for some of the most genial of men and the most generous of women, who would recoil from any idea of wounding through mere lust of cruelty, often enjoy it the most.

But those who wound us profess to, and often really do, find their excuse in the kind of pain they inflict and in the vanity and self-esteem of their victim. No doubt there are few temptations more difficult to resist than that of giving another's pride a fall, of pricking the bubble of another's self-esteem. Mankind seems unable to regard with equanimity a growing reputation, especially when its bearer is disposed to parade it and to believe it well earned.

In such cases it may be assumed that it is the spirit of mischief rather than malice that prompts the "taking down"—a spirit quite compatible with a nature full of kindliness and good will. Indeed, one would be loath to believe it otherwise, since women are perhaps the greatest offenders in this respect. Every woman has a certain amount of coquetry in her nature, and coquetry is only the spirit of mischief in another form. None of them can resist the temptation of inserting a pin-point into the vulnerable side of a friend's character, the side of his personal vanity, or to test by such exercise the power they hold over lover or husband.

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It may be said in their excuse that they do so rather from desire to bring their victim back to a more becoming modesty, or from wish to show their independence and power, than from ill-nature. But there is a good deal of "taking down" for which no such excuse can be offered, and which can only be inspired by jealousy and the desire to inflict actual suffering. There are thousands of people who can not see their neighbor's happiness over some possession or performance without desire to belittle it, who can only be happy by making others unhappy. Their principal business in life seems to be to turn the milk of human kindness sour, and to rob their fellows of any feeling of self-satisfaction with what they may do.

There is another kind of annoyance almost as hard to bear, though its effect is to produce a sense of intellectual nausea rather than of unhappiness. That is the constant iteration, by persons with whom we come into contact, of certain abbreviations and forms of speech supposed to be funny. One can bear with some equanimity the use of such abbreviations as "cert" for certainly, "pard" for partner, and "beaut" for beauty when they are fresh and novel. But when any humor their crispness may have had has disappeared through common use, one regards them with loathing. Consequently when our acquaintances describe their attempts to sleep as "courting the balmy," their apparel as "store clothes," and the act of smoking as "burning the weed," the intellectual gorge rises in revolt.

It is difficult to determine, exactly, when these phrases strike one most painfully, when used consciously by persons who think them funny, or unconsciously by those who have acquired the habit from associates. In either case they excite the instinct of slaughter, though perhaps in the latter case tempered by some pity for the victim. When a man, apparently fairly educated and of good moral character, blandly inquires, "Why is this thusly?" or speaks of getting his "mud-scows japanned," one feels that the list of capital offenses should be extended. But when a heavy mother, whose intellectual processes are feeble, suggests to her daughter to put on their "silver-plated harness" and "get a move on," the pathos of the situation outweighs all other feelings. And the disturbing thing about it all is that these atrocities of speech are committed by all sorts of excellent people, who apparently are blind to the shocking exhibition they make of themselves, and indifferent to the pain they inflict upon all lovers of what is good and clean in language.

Equality in a Republic

THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF NATURAL INEQUALITY

By Charles William Eliot, LL.D.

MANY people are much disappointed because it has turned out that our free institutions do not produce equality of condition among the citizens. The motto chosen by the French Revolutionists was "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"; and it was expected of the American Republic that it would prevent the existence of great distinctions.

An experience of over one hundred years has demonstrated that republican institutions do not prevent the existence, on the one hand of a very rich class, and on the other of a very poor class; and that between these two extremes every possible variety of condition may exist. In some respects free institutions do certainly tend to equality. Thus, they make all citizens equal as regards the suffrage, the security of life and property, and the duty of obedience to the laws; they abolish hereditary privileges, such as titles, transmissible offices, monopolies, or sinecures; but they do not interfere with the accumulation of property, or with the transmission from generation to generation of property and all it can secure for its owner.

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Looking back on this experience, it seems as if any one might have known from the beginning that a legal state of secure individual liberty could not but produce, in the long run, great inequalities of condition. The state of society at large under freedom is perfectly illustrated by the condition of things in a university where the choice of studies is free, and every student is protected and encouraged in developing to the utmost his own gifts and powers. In Harvard University, for example, thousands of students enjoy an almost complete liberty in the selection of their studies, each man being encouraged to select those subjects in which he most easily excels and finds most enjoyment and profit.

The result thus accomplished is that no two students in the University are pursuing the same subjects with the same success—that is, attaining the same intellectual results in the same time. If a student at the beginning of his course has some advantage over his fellows in the study of Latin or chemistry, at the end of four years his advantage will have been greatly increased by the elaborate training in Latin or chemistry which he has procured. The difference between him and his associates in his acquired knowledge of Latin or chemistry will have become greater and greater, and his superior capacity for acquiring a still further knowledge of the subject will be much more marked at the end of the course than it was at the beginning. As one thousand students that entered together advanced through college, they became more and more unlike in their capacities and attainments, the difference in capacity being more important than the difference in attainment.

Under even the most repressive policy it would be impossible to keep the students alike in attainments and capacities during four years, even if they were alike at the start. The only means of turning them out at the end of a four-years' course in a tolerably even condition would be to prescribe rigidly the same group of subjects for every student, and to repress in every way possible the unusual gifts of the superior students, while stimulating to the utmost the slow wits of the dullards and sluggards—that is, a despotic government would be required to produce by artificial restrictions some approach to equality of mental condition at graduation.

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In American public schools—in which far too many pupils are placed before one teacher, and a strict grading system is employed as a means of helping her to perform her impossible task—we have an illustration of the attempt to produce from many hundreds, or even thousands, of children an approximately uniform product representing an average of the bright and the dull. This method does not succeed in producing mental uniformity; and, though it fails to average the children, the attempt is the greatest evil in American public schools, which have come into existence in many communities within the last fifteen years, afford a valuable illustration of the inevitable diversity of mental product even under a discipline intended to be uniform. In such training of the eye and hand as lessons in carpentry, forging, drawing, moulding, and turning afford, it proves impossible to keep the different members of a class together in simultaneous exercises. The members of a class started on the same day, if forging, for example, soon get separated, simply because one boy can do more work and better work than another.

Some boys are slow to attain any excellence in work of eye and hand, while others take naturally to fine handiwork. In every trade the same irrepressible differences between workmen constantly appear. They are differences in physical organization, and also in disposition and will-power; and they last through life, and, indeed, go on increasing from youth to age. No restrictions have yet been devised which abolish these differences. It may be agreed by workmen in the same trade that a uniform number of hours shall constitute a day's work, and uniform pay may be given for that uniform day's work. It may be agreed that no mason shall lay more than a specified number of bricks in a day, or that no compositor shall set more than a specified number of ems in a day; and yet, in spite of these sacrifices of individual liberty, the differences between workmen will remain; and it will be found that employers exhibit decided preferences in selecting hands, so that this man will always have work and that man will seldom have it.

The only way to bring about any uniform earning-power is to establish some kind of despotism, or some system of voluntarily assumed restrictions on individual liberty. Under an absolute despotism such as that of the Sultan of Morocco or the Khalifa of the Soudan, under which all property is held only at the will of the ruler, and every distinction or public station proceeds solely from him, and may be at any moment withdrawn by him, a kind of equality may exist among all the subjects of the despot. There is no freedom to rise, and the man who has been lifted up may at any moment be cast down to the lowest social stage. In dependence on the will of the despot great inequalities of condition may temporarily exist; but they have no security or permanence. Before the one tyrant all subjects are in some sense equal, even military rank being held only at the will of the despot. The subjects of such a government are not free to exercise their different individual capacities, and there results a low, though level, social state.

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These familiar illustrations prepare us to accept the proposition that public freedom must result in the inequalities of condition among the citizens; and, indeed, that is just what has happened in our republic. If all the property in the United States should be evenly distributed among all the citizens to-morrow, on the day after to-morrow inequality of condition would again be established, because all men would be legally free to put into play, in security, their very different gifts and powers for the acquisition and accumulation of property.

But some may say: Granted that in any one generation the power of acquisition of the different citizens must be very unequal, and that hence great differences of property must arise, might not these differences, which really depend on the liberty and security which free institutions provide, be made non-transmissible, so that each new generation should be obliged to begin over again the differentiating process? There are two answers to this question. In the first place, the distribution by the State of possessions accumulated by one citizen, among the citizens who had no obvious part in earning them, could not be effected without pauperizing the recipients of the unearned bounty; and secondly, all social experience teaches that the family motive gives the strongest impulsion toward industry, frugality, and disinterestedness.

It is directly or else ultimately for the family that most men and women struggle and labor all their lives. It is on the family, and not on the individual, that States are built. It is the family virtues which make commonwealths possible. The transmission of property, therefore, from father or mother to children has always been safeguarded in every civilized community. It is a right quite as precious to the man of small property as to the man of large property—indeed, more precious. It is a right which everybody is interested in who has any property at all; and though some modern States have ventured to prescribe in some respects how an owner shall distribute his estate among his heirs, no State has ever ventured to deny or abolish this right of distribution. It is one of the elements of our republican freedom in the United States that wills are subjected to much fewer restraints and limitations than they are in most European countries, and this freedom tends to the distribution of properties at death.

Whether this process be socially mischievous or not has not yet been determined by experience. If it prove to be injurious it can easily be checked by legislation. In the meantime, there are two methods in use for securing public benefits from great private properties. The first is the voluntary method of public benefaction which many rich Americans adopt; the second is the succession tax, which appropriates for the public benefit a percentage of all estates which rise above a very moderate limit—a percentage which is small on lineal inheritances and larger on collateral inheritances. Succession taxes are on the whole far the most desirable form of taxation on personal property.

It being thus clear that individual liberty in a free State must lead to inequality of possessions, it remains to ask: Is this condition of things to be regretted? Is it desirable that conditions as regards property should be equal? All the analogies of Nature and all human experiences seem to me to indicate that a society in which there were no varieties of condition would be unnatural, monotonous, stupid and very unprogressive. Civilization means an infinite differentiation under liberty. An interesting human society must include individuals of very various gifts and powers. If all women were equally beautiful, the race would hardly know what beauty was. If no man could be more judicious, inventive or far-seeing than another, progress would be impossible.

Let us then distinctly abandon equality of possessions as one of the objects which republican institutions aim at, and let us substitute for this foreign conception the object expressed in the word unity. Social unity is consistent with great social diversities. "There are diversities of gifts; but the same spirit." Let us substitute for the French motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," an Anglo-Saxon motto——"Freedom, Unity, Brotherhood." Those three ideas go well together, and express a lofty and practicable social aim. The fate of free institutions is not to be settled on any issue of poverty or wealth. It is their effect on public health—physical and moral—which is to determine their destiny. Republicans may be either rich or poor, with safety to the State; but they cannot be corrupt in body or soul without bringing the republic to its fall.

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When I Faced Starvation

HOW MUSK OXEN SAVED OUR LIVES

By Lieutenant Robert E. Peary

I WONDER if a single one of my readers really knows what hunger is? [asks this writer in the Windsor Magazine]. Henson and myself were worn to the bone with scant rations and hard work, and that hard work had left the little covering on our bones in the shape of lean, tense muscles and wires of sinew.

The supper from the hare, that meal of fresh, hot, luscious meat, the first adequate meal in nearly six hundred miles of daily snowshoeing, had wakened every merciless hunger fang that, during the previous weeks, had been gradually dulled into insensibility. It had been the taste of freshly spilled blood to the long-tamed tiger; and now the big black animals before us were not game, but meat, and every nerve and fibre in my gaunt body was vibrating with a savage lust for that meat—meat that should be soft and warm, meat into which the teeth could sink, and tear, and rend; meat that would not blister lips and tongue with its frost, nor ring like a rock against the teeth. Panting and quivering with excitement, we lay for a few moments. We could not risk a shot at that distance.

"Do you think they will come for us?" asked Matt.

"I hope so, boy; for then we are sure of some of them. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, then."

One of us one side of the big bowlder, the other the other, and we dashed across the rocks and snow straight toward them. There was a snort and stamp from the big bull guarding the herd, and the next instant every animal was on his feet, and, thank God, facing us; the next they were in close line with lowered heads and horns.

I could have yelled for joy if I had had the breath to spare. Every one of us has read some of the thrilling stories of travelers in the Russian forests, chased by hungry wolves, and our feelings have been wrought up to the highest pitch of sympathy for the poor fellows in their efforts to escape. But did any of us ever stop to think how those other poor fellows, the wolves, felt with their empty stomachs? I know what their feelings are, and my sympathies are with the wolves. I was a wolf myself at that moment.

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We were within less than fifty yards of the herd, when the big bull, with a quick motion, lowered his horns still more. Instinct, Providence, call it what you will, told me it was the signal for the herd to charge. Without slackening my pace I pulled my Winchester to my shoulder and sent a bullet at the back of his neck over the white, impervious shield of the great horns.

Heart, soul, brain, eyes went with that singing bullet. I felt that I was strong enough and hungry enough, and wolf enough, that, had the bull been alone, I could have sprung upon him barehanded and torn the life-blood from his throat.

But against the entire herd we would have been powerless; once the black avalanche had gained momentum we would have been crushed by it like the crunching snow under our feet. As the bull fell upon his knees the herd wavered. A cow half turned, and, as Matt's rifle cracked, fell with a bullet back of her foreshoulder. Without raising my rifle above my hips, another one dropped. Then another for Matt; then the herd broke, and we hurried in pursuit of meat—not game.

Wit of the Last Century

Compiled by Walter Jerrold

A Pretending Title.—Asked his opinion of the pompous title of an insignificant volume, Johnson smilingly replied, "That it was similar to placing a forty-eight pound cannon at the door of a pigsty."

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An Appropriate Text.—A curate named Joseph preached at a Dublin cathedral, by permission of Dean Swift, before an oblivious nobleman, Butler, Duke of Ormond, and took as his text—"Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him."

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Losing the Unpossessed.—A pert young man once lamented, within Doctor Johnson's hearing, that he had lost all his Greek. "Aye, sir," said the old man, snubbing pretentiousness, "I believe it happened at the same time that I lost all my large estate in Yorkshire."

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Weighted with Honors.—Sir Henry Marshall was rising off his knees, after being knighted by George II, when he stumbled, but immediately apologized to the King, saying: "Your Majesty has loaded me with such honor that I cannot stand under it. I must become accustomed to the load."

•

Mrs. Siddons' Popularity.—Mrs. Siddons having visited Johnson in Bolt Court, there was some delay in providing her with a chair, and she was beginning to feel slighted, when the gruff old Doctor paid her a neat compliment by saying: "You see, Madam, wherever you go, there are no seats to be had."

•

Severe on Scotland.—Some one having mentioned some Scots who had taken possession of a barren part of America, wondered why they should have chosen it. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "all barrenness is comparative. The Scots would not know it to be barren. Rich land would only puzzle them."

•

The Individual's Possibilities.—A fine reproof for those who grumble at circumstances which compel them to do this, or that, or the other, is contained in Doctor Johnson's remark to a friend: "Sir, the man who has vigor may walk to the East, just as well as to the West, if he happen to turn his face that way instead of walking backward."

•

Goldsmith's Vanity.—Vanity was one of Goldsmith's greatest weaknesses, and, on the success of Beattie's Essay on Truth, he said petulantly to Johnson: "Here's such a stir about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah! Doctor," said Johnson slowly, "it takes two-and-forty sixpences, you know, to make one guinea."

•

Killing the Music.—One of the talented Kemble family made a first appearance on the operatic stage. His voice, however, was such that at a rehearsal the conductor exclaimed, "Mr. Kemble! Mr. Kemble! you are murdering the music!" "My dear sir," was Kemble's quiet reply, "it is far better to kill it outright than to keep on beating it as you do; it spares us all much agony."

•

Insult of a Fool's Praise.—A pretentious person endeavored to ingratiate himself in Doctor Johnson's favor by laughing immoderately at everything he said. The Doctor bore it for some time, but at length the impertinent guffaw became intolerable, and he stopped it with—"Pray, sir, what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything which you can comprehend."

•

Duelling within Limits.—Curran having quarreled with another Barrister, ended by calling him out. Now, Curran was a very small man, and his opponent, who was a very stout one, objected, saying: "You are so little that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting, whereas, the chance is that you may shoot me at the first fire." "To convince you that I don't wish to take any advantage," said Curran, "you shall chalk my size on your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing. That's even."

•

Sympathizing with Tooke.—Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General, was in the habit of closing his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. Speaking of his own reputation at the trial of Horne Tooke he said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" "He is crying," Tooke replied, "to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

EDITOR'S NOTE—These selections are taken from Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century, edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Alice Woodward. Published by J. M. Dent and Company, London.

In the Crater of Mount Constance

WHERE WHITE MEN NEVER BEFORE TROD

PERHAPS for the first time a white man has just placed his foot in the extinct crater of Mount Constance, in the Olympic range of mountains. The place has interest outside of the geographical because of its importance in the customs of the Siwash Indians. The guide who took the writer thither was an old Indian known as Siwash Joe.

One evening last January a party of hunters were sitting before a campfire spinning yarns, and finally the writer told about an inaccessible place on Mount Constance, which is the "mother" of the Olympic range. Siwash Joe was the guide on the hunt, and that night he sat before the big log fire, wrapped in a borrowed blanket, apparently fast asleep. Not a word nor grunt did he utter. But he was wide awake.

About a week after the hunt he came to my house and asked permission to stay all night. He was welcomed, and after supper, sitting by the open fire, he abruptly said:

"You hunt gold last summer? No find him? No get to place on big mountain? You go me—I show you; show you gold; show you where Black Tamanaipau lived before paleface come. I show you many things; nobody else go!"

I asked him many questions, for I very much desired to go if the trip were possible. Though laconic, he was positive, and I finally told him we would go as soon as I could make arrangements to get away, which was two weeks ago. We took nothing but flour and salt for food, knowing we should have many difficulties to encounter; and besides, we were going to the home of the mountain elk, and where deer and bears and pheasants abound. During the eight days of our absence we killed many food animals, and, in more senses than one, lived high.

•

After three days of most severe mountain climbing we arrived at the foot of Mount Constance, which was probably thirty miles from our starting point, and all the distance it is up and down the precipitous foothills. Here we cached our snowshoes and a few other superfluities, unrolled our rope, and began the ascent, going up the west side, which is something I have never heard of any one's doing, all having hitherto tried the east and south. Before going far we came upon a distinct, tough, hard trail; this, Joe said, was where the Indians used to travel. It took us two days to reach our destination—days of danger and of toil.

Here is a vast amphitheatre, embracing more than fifty acres, on a level spot. Surrounding it is a high, square stone wall of Nature's forming, and at the four corners are great pillars of stone, rough and unhewn, but rising high in the air. Inside is an indescribable jumble of boulders and lava, while in the centre is a spot, maybe an acre in extent, clear of everything but the lava, which shows the eastward glow.

The amphitheatre is the extinct crater of the Olympics. In front of the crater is a terrace, covered in summer with grasses and flowers, and through it runs a rivulet of pure water from a spring on the northern side. From this point we could see, with a glass, the cities of the Sound, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Townsend, and in the distance Whatcom and Bellingham Bay, while on all the water we could frequently see steamers and sailing vessels. As we stood and looked a noise at the rear disturbed the silence, and, turning, we saw a monster cougar standing with his tail switching and eyes blazing. I tried to shoot him, but the Indian held my arm—the cougar was sacred to Siwash Joe.

•

We pitched our tent on the terrace, built a rousing big fire, and ate a plentiful supper of the ham of a mountain elk and flapjacks. When the meal was over Siwash Joe told stories about the crater.

"I came here, fust time, when littl boy, very littl boy," he said, "many years before, long before the white men had come to live in the country; all Indian had came to this place. In those times the Black Tamanipau lived here, and then in his temple inside there were no rocks nor stones, just only the smooth lava. There were many tepees on the plain in front, and here lived the medicine men and the chiefs when they came up to the holy place. Here, too, the sick were brought and cured, and in a tepee the boys who came alone would sleep.

"The girls never came till they were old—woman no need find a god! When a boy became eight or nine years old he was brought by his parents to the foot of the trail we came up, and there, early in the morning, he was started alone to find his god. He must climb to the temple—the tepee of stones—and there he would learn his deity. The boy would come, enter the temple, go to the centre, turn his face toward the east, and a voice would speak to him, telling him to be brave, manly; to learn the art of hunting and fishing, and when he reached manhood to keep his wigwam full of plenty. And then he would be told to go, and, the first wild animal you see is the spirit of your god—never kill one of its kind! Me? I came out and started down the trail and saw a cougar, such a big cougar no one else ever did see, and he stood and looked at me and came toward me, and I ran back, and a medicine man told me it was my god, and I never have killed a cougar!"

This, I have since been told, is still the Siwash custom. The boy is now sent into the woods, to remain three days without food, and on his return the first animal or bird he sees is his god, and he never kills or hurts any of the species.

"One time, many years ago," continued Joe, "many Indians came here for a powwow. I was with them. We got to the foot of the mountain, when the sky became cloudy, and in a few moments there were dreadful noises, and the earth shook, and the sun came out of the clouds like a ball of fire. We were very much afraid, and pushed up the trail quickly, but when we got here we found stones and rocks in the temple, same as it is now, and no voice was there and Black Tamanipau was gone! Ah! how sad we were! We came back and went to the white man, gave him fish and meat, and then we found the great Black Tamanipau in the dense forests.

"Then medicine men came with palefaces, with gowns on like the white women, and we were taught to be Catholics. Then more priests came who taught us to be Protestant. Then Indian John Slocum came, and he taught us to be Shakers. But we no got any more religion—we just getting to be like the white man."

The next morning we started back home. Old Joe had told me he knew where there was gold in plenty, but he had misrepresented the facts. He had an intense longing to go back to his old temple, possibly with a vague idea that Black Tamanipau would have returned, and the story about the gold was designed to make me consent to go and take him to Mount Constance.—New York Sun.

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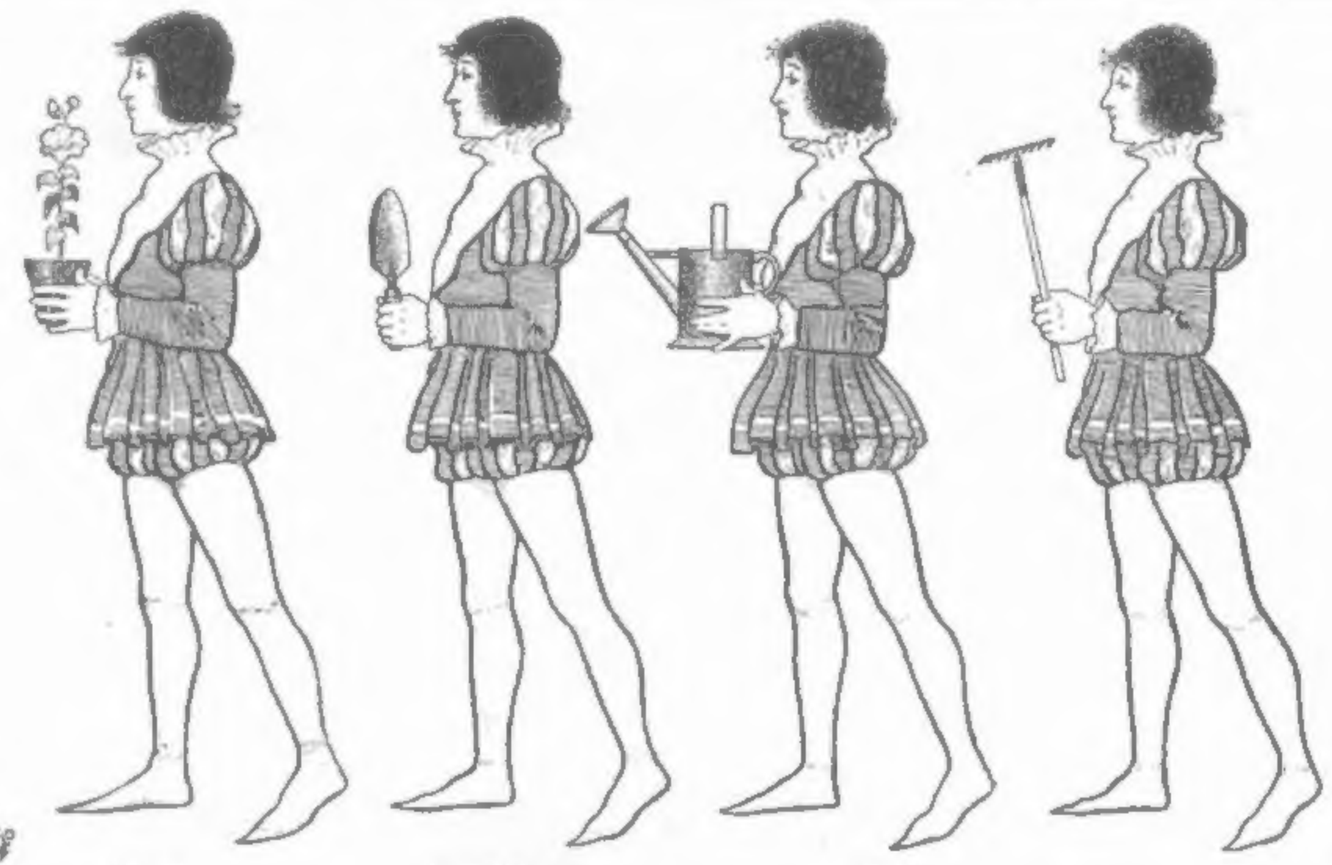

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